

June 18, 1932

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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A.
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The Bravo
a short story

By Booth Tarkenton

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JUNE 18, 1932



The man with the ability to get the contract—the man with the power to give it—the men everywhere who are doing business these days know the value of face fitness. So make it your business (your very *good* business!) to start every day with Williams Shaving Service.

Hinge back the easy-threading cap on your tube of Williams Shaving Cream. Let your brush top-coat the morning stubble with thick and quick-conditioning Williams lather. Your face refreshes at that moist, mild touch; the fairway in the wake of your rollicking razor is clear-toned,

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I am anxious to try Williams Shaving Service. Please send me trial sizes of Williams Shaving Cream and Aqua Velva.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

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New Lower Prices.. and now a
4-YEAR
SERVICE PLAN

TODAY—more emphatically than ever—the General Electric is the outstanding dollar value in refrigeration! A few weeks ago, prices on all models of the G-E Refrigerator were substantially reduced. And now the General Electric Company gives you protection far beyond the limitations of the conventional warranty. A sensational Service Plan completely protects each new General Electric buyer against any service expense on the Monitor Top Mechanism for 4 full years.

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Investigate the G-E 4-Year Service Plan. It is your positive assurance of low cost refrigeration. As little as \$10 delivers a General Electric to your home. General Electric Company, Electric Refrigeration Department, Section C6, Hanna Building, 1400 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Join the G-E Circle. A special program for women every week day at noon (except Saturday). On Sunday at 7:00 P. M. a program for the whole family. (E. D. S. T.) N. B. C. coast to coast network.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC
 ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR



Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

June 18, 1932



Next Week

IN 1887 President Cleveland entertained a visitor. The visitor's name was Franklin Delano Roosevelt and he was then just five years old. He found the President much disturbed in mind. Economic depression had the country in its gripe. The word "bimetallism" was in many mouths. Congress was unruly. And Mr. Cleveland was unhappy.

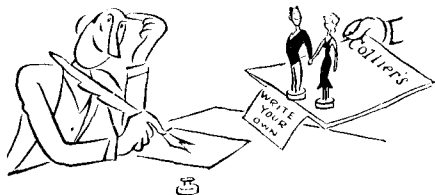
But at the appearance of James Roosevelt's little boy he stopped pacing his office and put one of his large hands good-naturedly on the youngster's flaxen curls.

"I'm making a strange wish for you," he said, "I wish for you that you may never be President of the United States."

This godmotherly blessing appears, so far, to have worked potentially but in reverse. And now, on the eve of the Democratic national convention, Walter Davenport invites you to "Meet Governor Roosevelt," and examine his career and accomplishments.

JEREMIAH ORCUTT, senior, and Jeremiah Orcutt, junior, each had his idea of "The Perfect Secretary." Their ideas varied as widely as the ideas of fathers and sons usually do. One ideal was short and broad and leathery-skinned; the other, slim and willowy with auburn hair and dark blue eyes. The upshot of this variance is a fast-moving story by Peter B. Kyne in which love and the stock market become entangled in a manner that can only be described as inextricable.

IF YOU ever get the urge to write and at the same time experience a feeling of emptiness in your plot-producing faculties, we hasten to provide the remedy. It's a new page called "Write Your Own" in which you will find unexceptionable plots together with some mention of rewards, for a successful handling of them.



WHEN the liner Sirius began to go down under the feet of Ken Holbrook a quite mad feeling of exaltation took possession of the young man. He wanted to dedicate his strength, his agility, his youth; he wanted to place his whole competence at the feet of one delicate, frail and, if possible, beautiful. The girl he picked out was all of that and one thing more—a channel swimmer. But how was Ken to know? The fact caused him some embarrassment later on, as James Hopper tells you in his sparkling short story, "Asleep on the Deep."

HAROLD LAMB vividly reproduces the romance of a Viking. Mr. MacHarg's Detective O'Malley solves an "Almost Perfect" murder. Elmer Davis writes the short short story. Lupe Velez tells you about "The Girl with One Talent"—herself. And Messrs. Rohmer, Wodehouse, Rice and Gilbert obligingly outdo themselves. A brilliant company!

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BARGAIN DAYS ARE HERE.



Any Week

WE ARE not as popular with Mr. A. W. Fenton of Marcell, Minnesota, as we might be, although he persists in reading us, anyway. "If I were a praying man," says he, "I'd pray for you. I intend to keep on trying to help you, so don't be disheartened."

A PRAYER or so for Mr. M. Magnan might not be amiss. From Fort Ripley, Minnesota, comes the news that Mr. Magnan shipped to market a 215-pound hog that cost him ten dollars to raise. Presently the commission company disposing of the animal sent Mr. Magnan notice of the hog's sale, a check and a statement of the transaction. The hog was sold for one dollar and sixty-one cents. From that tremendous sum the company deducted expenses, state taxes and its own commission and sent Mr. Magnan the balance—five cents. Mr. Magnan is having the check framed and his friends are urging that he have it photographed for distribution in Congress.



AND Mrs. J. Lown McAllister of Natchez, Mississippi, asks us whether there could be any possible interest in the fact that there is a Negro woman in Clarksdale who has just celebrated her 107th birthday. For one hundred years, not missing a season, the old woman has picked cotton. And her name is Patience.

"I QUIT," cries Mr. Joseph D. Melody of Kansas City, "and you might as well. We can't make money as fast as Congress can give it away to veterans. So let's surrender in a body."

IT MAY be an old one, but Dr. Thomas B. Kelleher of Denver tells us of a weary youngster's retort to a nagging mother.

"Where," demanded the mother, "would you be if it weren't for me?" "I don't know," wailed the child, "but I wish you were there."

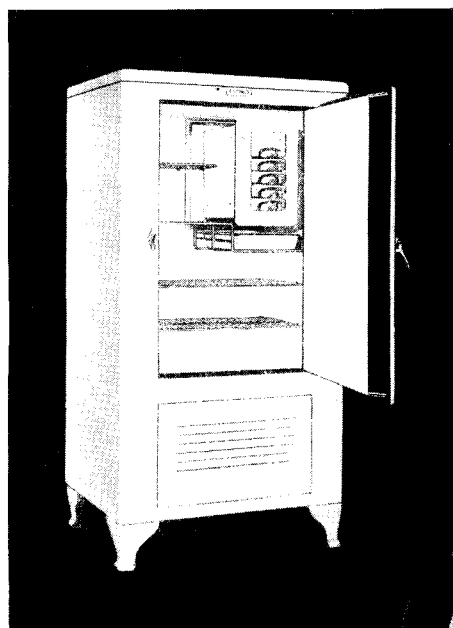
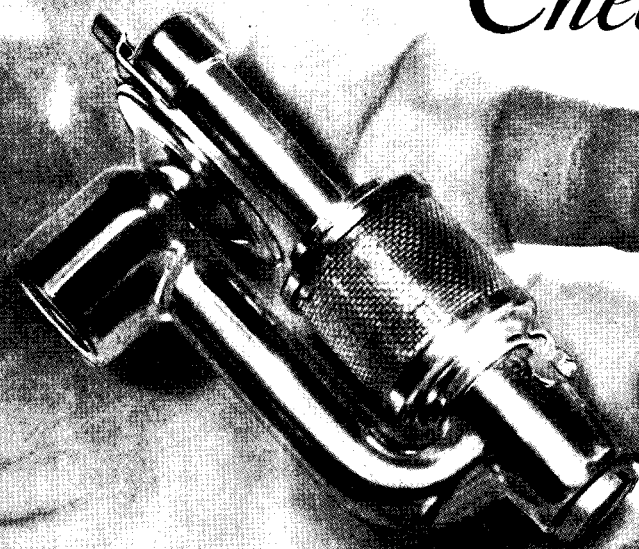
"THE dries," ponders Mr. Frank Laucks of Roanoke, Virginia, "complain that the wets lack a plan. Have the dries one? Or is this a system?"

NEWS arrives that somebody has stolen the corner stone of the Presbyterian Church at Verona, Mississippi. Mr. Jack Swarthaus of New Orleans is moved to observe that he "is all set to hear that the rum runners have kidnapped the Atlantic Fleet and that the White House chandeliers are missing."

"THE noise you hear," says Mr. B. B. Muntz of Boise, Idaho, "is the Democrats practicing squawks for after the convention."

What you get in an Electrolux that you DON'T GET in a *Cheap refrigerator*

This simple little gas burner is the reason for the silence, simplicity and economy of Electrolux.



A tiny gas flame makes constant, steady cold.



NO MATTER how little you pay for an automatic refrigerator, it is still too much money to throw away. So consider carefully what you get for your money. Here's what you get when you buy an Electrolux:

Simplicity. A tiny gas flame and a tiny flow of water take the place of moving parts, produce the cold, freeze the ice cubes.

Permanently silent. There is no noise. Electrolux has nothing to make noise.

Hermetically sealed. Electrolux was the first automatic refrigerator to have a hermetically sealed refrigerating unit.

Costs less to operate. Electrolux runs for only a few cents a day—cuts ice bills in half.

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Steady, continuous cold. The chilling action in Electrolux is continuous, so the cold is wonderfully constant, steady.

Gas flame completely protected. An automatic shut-off absolutely prevents gas from flowing should the flame ever go out.

Same high quality in all models. Every Electrolux is made of the same first-grade materials, is built the same substantial way.

New low prices, new low terms. You can buy an Electrolux now at the lowest price ever offered. Purchase terms are also extremely liberal. Only a small down payment.

You owe it to yourself to see Electrolux at the showrooms of your gas company or local dealer before making a choice. Write for complete descriptive literature. Electrolux Refrigerator Sales, Inc., 51 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y.

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THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

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PHILCO is easy to operate. With shadow tuning you see instantly the exact point at which each station is tuned with absolute precision. Automatic volume control counteracts

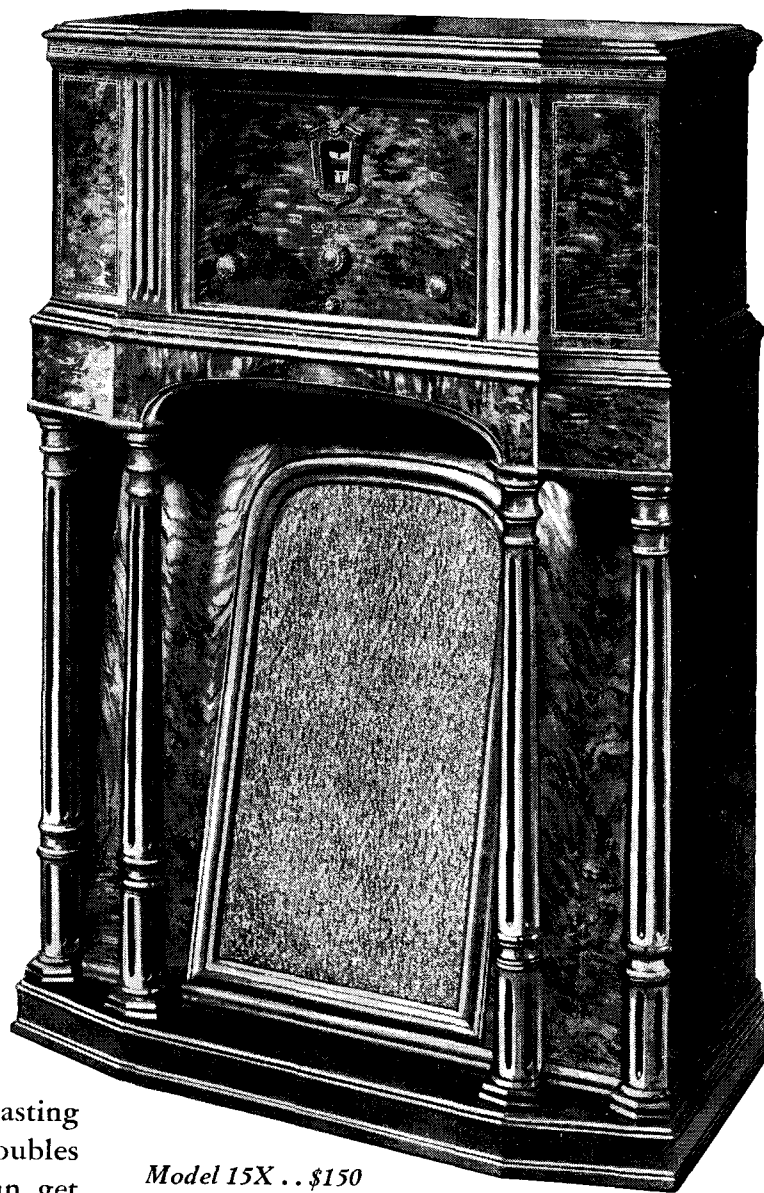
fading of distant stations and blasting of nearby ones and more than doubles the number of stations you can get and enjoy. The illuminated station recording dial is easy to see and enables you to tune in your favorite stations without remembering their wave lengths.

If we built only ten sets per year, or if the price were ten times what it is, there is nothing that modern science could add to make PHILCO more perfect in tone or easier to operate. PHILCO dealers are happy to show and demonstrate it.

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every worthwhile improvement
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Twin Electro Dynamic Speakers
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Neat, small, no-glare dial, calibrated to station channel numbers
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Cabinets of world's finest and most expensive furniture woods
Every cabinet hand-rubbed

The NEW PHILCO HIGH EFFICIENCY TUBES are more compact, more efficient, and consume less current than any AC tubes ever before used. Every PHILCO is equipped with tubes specifically designed by PHILCO, to fit circuits designed by PHILCO, resulting in a harmony of operation not otherwise possible. PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

Philco Transitone Radio for motor cars and boats \$49.95 including tubes. Complete installation for cars equipped with aerial averages less than \$20.



The Bravo

Our old friend, Captain Valentine, has another romantic adventure—and learns that a cat does not have to be black to affect human destiny

By Booth Tarkington



LATE on a summer afternoon I sat with Captain Ambrose Valentine (retired) upon an ancient bench on a disused wharf at Cobble Reef and watched the slender traffic moving in and out of the small harbor. A noisy motor boat of some size badgered our ears for a time as it bore by us a brightly dressed old gentleman and some boys and girls in bathing suits. "They tell me," Captain Valentine said, "they tell me them people's come here to spend the summer from a terrible long ways away from here."

"Yes," I said. "I understand they're from Wisconsin."

"Godfrey!" he murmured, and became reflective; then, with a sequence of thought I found comprehensible, "I always been a broad-minded man," he said. "Never had an objection to foreigners at all. They may be funny at first; but after you get to know 'em they're as much like human beings as anybody." His gaze, following the boat of the Wisconsin family as it passed out to sea, moved to a frowzier small vessel that was coming in. "Like yonder, for instance," he said. "That's a Guinny boat. I never had any prejudice against Guinnys."

"Guinnys?" I asked.

He looked surprised. "Talian men. They can take and do about anything with a boat except make it talk, them Guinnys, and don't care much how much of a boat it is either, just so it ain't already been used for firewood. Next to a Portagee, a Guinny'll take and buy the oldest, worst vessel of anybody and start right off for anywheres at all in

her." He sighed. "On account the government neglecting that sand bar, don't see many Guinnys or Portagees either coming in to Cobble Reef with their fish no more, and sometimes I feel like I miss hearing 'em jibber and jabber. What I most used to enjoy, though, was to hear them Bravos talk; but, goodness me, I ain't even ever see a Bravo since I left the sea, let alone hear one."

"A Bravo, Captain?" I asked. "A Bravo?"

"Part Portagee and part colored," he explained. "Didn't you ever know that's the name they go by?"

"I'm afraid I didn't."

"FUNNY," he said indulgently. "I thought everybody knew what a Bravo is. Of course you take some and they might be more Portagee than colored; but on the other hand some would lean to colored. Fine nice people, and I've had 'em tell me how their family would be a good deal the same as king or queen back in the islands—that's where they come from, the islands. Nice seamen, too, and awful agreeable. They was nice to be associated with, and, back in my activer days when I was deck-hand on the tugboat Horace N. Foster, there was a Bravo was the other deck-hand I wouldn't ever forget if I had to live to be twice a hundred years old. Didn't I ever tell you about him?"

"No, indeed," I said hopefully, and this was all the Captain needed. He talked straight on till sundown:

That spring the company had the Horace N. Foster undertaking in them

big works in the Winnimac River right along the water front of Newbridge, and if you ever been to Newbridge you know it's a handsome little city where there's a good many of the nicest kind of looking ladies. One of them with bright blue eyes and a splendid frame that went by the name of Miss Mamie Cook—but, speaking of this Bravo, near as you could make out from what he says he went by the name of Fanandee Salivo. He was nervous of the ocean except in the best of weather, and terrible timid about most everything except he would have his laugh, no matter what the cost to others; and if they got mad and he see he wasn't liable to win their confidence back he would go hide somewheres.

But him and me was good friends and had a good friendship with Mr. Anderson, the diver, that was almost all Swede but a little Scottish, he says he thought, from just a single grandmother that was some Scottish.

Besides him, there was two men from a dredger. One was a nice Guinny of the name of Maninny, and the other French, not a Canuck but born in the old country, and went by a peculiar sounding name, because he says it was Shock Ornerly and wouldn't have it any other way even when we joked him a good deal. So this Bravo, Fanandee Salivo, he was entertaining and played the accordion some, and the four of 'em was all nice but right often couldn't any of 'em speak plain enough to be understood till you asked 'em to say it again, and could been taught a lot better English language by them Gayhead Indians.

Anyways we had a good friendship and nice parties ashore.

So of course this Swedish man, Mr. Anderson, and the Bravo, they was practi'ly always together off duty and you felt something like laughing at the sight of them, on account Mr. Anderson being blondy and big as a warehouse and Fanandee Salivo considerable monkey-faced and hardly over his elbow and always walking more like he squirmed along nimble, hurrying to keep up. They would come to me and say, "Hi! Hi! Hi! Where old Guinny Maninny and Shock Ornerly?" So we would get them and start having a party; and this Bravo would have his accordion, and there would be the most jibber-jabbering that ever took place in the world but a terrible nice time.

SO Mr. Anderson, he was inclined towards the bottle, not that he would ever be drunk, of course, because in the tugboat calling we always draw the line at not being intoxicated as long as you can tell your feet—of course what I mean, it's from any other people's. But right often in the mornings, if he had been having a good little the evening before, he would come into our galley and get the steward to give him a couple Coffee Royals, maybe more rum than coffee, and then he would say, "Hah!" and hit himself on the chest and holler, "Now I feel like I drive some spike!" Then he would get into his diving suit and go down out of sight; but we could tell he commenced because we could hear him hitting them spikes in the pil-ing down below. "Pink! Pink! Pink!"

we could hear them blows on the spikes underwater just as clear!

Then afterwards if Mr. Thompson, the boss, wasn't around we wouldn't hear that "*Pink! Pink! Pink!*" and so we'd know this Mr. Anderson, the diver, was setting down on something 'way under there resting himself; and he'd stay that way setting down until little Joe Ilks that had the signal line down to him would give a couple quick jerks on it to let him know the boss was back, and then right quick we would commence to hear "*Pink! Pink! Pink!*" coming up out of the water again.

What connected myself with this matter in a disagreeable light was one morning just before Mr. Anderson went down the boss says he wouldn't be around again until about noon owing to business ashore, and so Mr. Anderson went down and we could hear "*Pink! Pink! Pink!*" awful brisk until little Joe Ilks give a snap like to the line to let him know the boss was gone, and right away you couldn't hear a single "*Pink!*" on account he was setting down and going to rest himself that way practically all the time till the boss come back, as Mr. Anderson says himself to me and the Bravo before he went down he wasn't feeling good that morning from the evening before.

SO OF course pretty soon this Bravo, Fanandee Salivo, he give us a wink and reached over little Joe Ilks and took hold the line and give it the two jerks like the boss was coming, and right away in a hurry we commenced to hear "*Pink! Pink! Pink!*" Then everybody was laughing, thinking of him down there working hard without needing to and not feeling so good; but little Joe Ilks give him the signal the boss was gone again and let him set down, and then Fanandee Salivo give it the two jerks again, so right away "*Pink! Pink! Pink!*" some more.

Then little Joe Ilks was laughing himself but kind of nervous about his finding out maybe when he come up, so he let him set down and rest himself again; but right away this Bravo started him up again, and so it went on, him up and down, and likely awful puzzled about how the boss could be tacking here and there so fast. It went on all the time till he comes up at noon and they got his helmet off of him, and just that minute the boss come back and happened to remark something regarding not being there at all till right then. So Mr. Anderson's face got red and you could see he felt violent; but I couldn't help laughing and he see me doing it in spite of I went behind the wheelhouse for it.

Well, sir, a little later I see him and little Joe Ilks and the Bravo talking together, and they looked across their shoulders at me; but I never thought anything about it at all on account I had innocent hands and never suspicioning for a minute that Fanandee Salivo give little Joe Ilks a dollar to get Mr. Anderson to promise not to let on Joe told him I was the one had been the one fooling with the line all morning and costing him his rest of setting down.

Because it was quite a while before I found that out or even that Mr. Anderson took an enmity at me for the sake of how this Bravo twitched his line, and my brains didn't consider at all he thought I was the one committed this wrong towards him or how he was seeking to get even. What was aiding in this misfortune was right at the same time all three of my best other friends was in the same condition towards me, me not even suspicioning I had won their unpopularity.

So all four of 'em, the Bravo and Mr. Anderson and Maninny, this Guinny, and Shock Ornerly, would be talking all the time behind my back how they better behave so I would feel it the



worst on account Mr. Anderson, the diver, feeling like he did, and Fanandee Salivo because it seems I asked him without thinking how the Bravos stood with the pure Portagees, not dreaming offense, and the Guinny because I wanted to clear up why they was sometimes called wops and dagoes, and Shock Ornerly because, not dreaming he had any grudge, I says one day what nice people them Germans was. And all the time, not knowing till after the troubles all happened to me what was in their hearts or why, I was around with them the same as ever without a single suspicion of what they was anxious to do towards me.

OF COURSE right at this time I had fell in with a family in the fine little city of Newbridge that went by the name of Cook, being just Miss Mamie Cook and her papa, this Mr. Cook, and right about then was almost going to be married to Mamie, because I never did think the world and all of any young lady I ever see more than I did of Miss Mamie Cook.

She had the brightest blue eyes of that whole city, and of all the beautiful figureheads I ever see on a ship there wasn't one had her frame; she had a nice nose, too, and didn't take after her papa any, because he was a fat-nosed man on a thin face, and was scrawny all over except at the waist, where it looked like he must been swallowing dried sponges, then drinking liquids, as the saying is. He didn't do anything but talked a good deal about once when he was in politics and had a horse and buggy before he become an invalid at the time Mamie was old enough to get her job at the Creamery.

So soon as I commenced my attentions to Mamie she says right away how she was tired of the Creamery and would quit the minute she ever married, and her papa, this Mr. Cook, would have to live with us on account he was such an invalid and more expensive to get him room and food separate and all, and I see it was a drawback but felt in such a terrible condition over Mamie I would welcomed almost a horse mackerel, let alone this old Mr. Cook, if it'd been her papa.

As I says, her looks and frame being so good, whenever we went walking you could see we would arouse the notice of males even across the street, and they would turn around to stare and ogre, and I would stare back and get pretty hot and commence to demand what was they staring at, because she was awful ladylike and always says one of her troubles was not being able to escape all this notice on the street or anywheres; but she would twitch me around and tell me, "Come on! What's the use of fighting?" on account of that would just attract more notice to her than ever from the males. So I would feel even more about her, because of anything in the world in any young lady I always liked it was for them to be terrible particular about shunning notice.

You take a young lady like that and most always usually she has nice ways about eating and don't look loud any time or get to cutting up too much in public places and despises loose behavior or too much singing. On that account, her being particular and far above the kind of young ladies suitable to Shock and Maninny and this Swede diver and the Bravo, I never says a word to them about Miss Mamie Cook or where I commenced always going evenings; but it seemed somebody must slinked after me some time to spy out the land. Because, "Where you go?" they would ask me when I'd get dressed up to go up there, and when I says I had an uncle living in Newbridge that was stylish they would all look at me and not say anything and then commence whispering.

SO ONE evening they was all waiting when I come up the dock, and kept putting their arms around me and pushing me in the back and says they was going with me because they wanted to show my uncle I had friends and give him a surprise party, and I had to run through a couple alleys and jump over a back fence to get away from 'em.

I thought they must have gone back and give up; but afterwards, when I had got there and was setting on the front porch nice with Miss Mamie Cook—they had a nice small frame house that had a little porch to it—she says, "What's

making that funny noise coming up the street?" and I listened and says, "We better go in the house" on account of right away I could recognize it was this Bravo with his accordion and Mr. Anderson and Shock Ornerly and Maninny coming along and making a kind of singing. But she says she wouldn't because she never hear that kind of a noise before and wanted to see what give vent to it; so I couldn't persuade her.

When them four felt nice they would always try to sing together; but each one would often be singing a song he claimed some people liked back in the old country where he come from, and all going at the same time, and against the accordion, it was disagreeable to everybody but them. Then again they would sing some song of the United States they was trying to learn but didn't sound better.

THEIR favorite one was about it's always fair weather when good fellows get together; but the only part they come anywheres near was just they would all be hollering over and over, "With the steins on the stable!" and the rest was just jibber-jabber as loud as they could holler.

So here they come, and they was marching in single-file lock-step, with the Bravo and his accordion the front one, and all making all this noise and confusion as they come up the street; and I thought I would rather die than have Miss Cook suspicion they was my friends or even just barely acquainted with them, on account she was so particular and it was a nice quiet neighborhood.

So I says, "Let's go in the house," again I says. "It's drunken men," I says. "They might take notice of you," I says. "Let's go in the house," I says. She says, "They must be crazy!" but kept setting there.

Then here they come by right in front the house, marching with the accordion and all their horse voices hollering "With the steins on the stable!" over and over, and stamping all their feet down on the brick sidewalk at the same time every time they stepped.

They never looked in or turned their



"Well, my goodness!" Mamie says, and here they come out from behind us, all four, acting like they was strangers but was going to try to entertain us

Illustrated by
William Meade
Prince

head, just went on by hollering about the steins on the stable and stamping. But when they got along in front the next yard they turned around like a big dirty worm and come back, keeping it up just the same; and then, when they got in front the yard on the other side, they turned around again and come back the same, and did it about fifteen times while we was setting there, so I never heard worse embarrassing noise in my life.

I kept asking her to let's not set there; but she says what on earth could be the meaning of it if they was strangers to me, and it looked like just some more of this male notice she couldn't never escape from.

So I says, "Let's go in the house," and

at last, when she see most the neighborhood part way out of their window and hollering to know what was going on, we got up and went in and lit the lamp and pulled down the window shade and hardly set there a minute when we hear the gate click, and then, in the yard just outside the window, the most terrible serenade that ever took place, because this Guinny Maninny was trying to sing tenor to it, and Mr. Anderson took the alto, and what they meant it for was My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean. It sounded like animals.

IN THE middle of it I was thinking how Miss Mamie Cook's papa, Mr. Cook, was anything except a particular man but would likely come downstairs

and not put up with all this rowdiness right in their yard; so I says so to Mamie. She says no, she give him thirty-five cents before supper so he was at Pupzisky's down at the corner; and it was a funny thing but right while we was talking about him we hear the gate slam and the music stopped and there was a big powwow went on outside and somebody hollering, "No swaller the bottle too!" and then the accordion and singing broke out again and there was another voice trying to mix in with it, and Mamie says it was her papa's.

I says I hated to think them rowdies must be friends of his, and they must been waiting for him; but she says no, some of the sounds that come in looked like him just getting acquainted, otherwise they wouldn't been likely to make this fuss over him or he them.

But altogether it looked like a good thing to me, because soon afterwards they commenced marching again and went out the gate behind the accordion, and she says, "Thank goodness, he must

gone to show them how to get in Pupzisky's!"

Then it was nice and quiet, and she says thank goodness, no more of such disgusting goings-on, and I says yes, and afterwhile went home to the Horace N. Foster, and the next morning dressed up nice because it was Decoration Day and I was going to take Mamie down to the beach.

There wasn't anybody around, especially because from Fanandee Salivo not being in his bunk I see they must never got back from Pupzisky's; and on the street car to the beach Mamie says her papa, Mr. Cook, woke her up awful late coming upstairs, and, when she went out and asked him what was he trying to do, he says he was singing it's always fair weather when good fellows get together in this Swedish language; so she thought one o' them must been a Swedish man.

I SAYS I didn't know any, and at the beach I bought her plenty ginger ale and everything them stands keep to eat and we commenced having a nice time. I give her three balloons, too, that she had tied to her wrist, and a nice little cane and a couple dolls, and I never see her look nicer. There was one stand kept pets and she says she would love a cat to have a blue ribbon on and be company for her when I wasn't there, on account of her papa, Mr. Cook, not being any because he was always talking about when he had a horse and buggy and never anything but. Them cats was from fifty cents up, and I would bought Miss Mamie Cook practically anything; but it looked too crazy to pay out money for a cat with people all over the United States doing everything they can to give them away and many drowning them, so I says look at the burden her care would be on us the rest the day, and she says all right, but be sure get her one some other time soon, and we went and set down on the sand and talked nice and commenced eating nice out of tissue paper and all them paper bags.

There was a good many people and children walking around, and nice bright sunshine and some few in bathing suits, and off a little ways was a merry-go-round that had music coming out of it sometimes. So of course afterwhile I thought this music was getting closer and sounding right poor. Then all of a sudden I could tell it was an accordion coming behind us and I felt just terrible because singing commenced to break out with it, the horrest I ever hear, and it says, "Steins on the stable!" so plain there was no two ways about it.

"WELL, my goodness!" Mamie says, and, right away she says it, here they come out from behind us, all four, and walked out on the sand about ten feet in front of us and stood in a line but acting like they was strangers and didn't know us but was going to try to entertain us with music. They had got shaved and was dressed up; but I thought must be terrible-looking to Mamie on account Mr. Anderson was too big and blondy, and Maninny looking like weekdays he would roasted peanuts, and Shock Ornerly too frisky-looking, and this Bravo having a face that looked awful untrustworthy till you got to know him.

"My goodness!" Mamie says. "I believe it's the same ones! I never see anything so insulting!"

They wasn't leering but behaved like they was serious and commenced to act like a quartet, this Bravo sounding a squeak on his accordion and then all them leaning their heads and singing "Ah" like they was finding tenor and alto and a couple kinds of

(Continued on page 16)

Hatching the Future

Out of crucible and test tube have come the inventions and discoveries that made the present age possible. What is incubating in them now? Come with Mr. Flynn on a tour of the great laboratories of this country while he tells you about the equalization of climates, soundless roads, replaceable bathrooms and the new substances that will form the basis of our future prosperity

By John T. Flynn

LAST August I sat with a merry company in the directors' room of the beautiful Portland Country Club in Oregon while the crowd outside waited to see young Don Moe and Mal McNaughton play off the final of the Western Amateur Golf Tournament. The room was filled with business men of importance from the states west of Chicago. Then one gentleman ruined all the good humor by launching into a dismal picture of doom and disaster which he called "The Future." He was a leading Western banker and he ended by croaking that he did not believe mass prosperity would ever return in our lifetime.

When I asked his reason for this dark forecast he took off into another long account of how the automobile, the radio and one or two other great new devices had created our last prosperity. Then he added: "I cannot see ahead, as far as I can look, any sign of any important new mechanical developments which will take the place of the motor car and the radio and set us forward on another lap of prosperity."

I could not help wondering if this banker had been asked in 1910 or 1920 what he saw ahead, whether he would then have been able to forecast the amazing developments which actually did materialize.

I ventured to suggest this and added that after all he was only a banker and was hardly within his rights in supposing that science would produce nothing more for us merely because he could not foresee what it would do.

Here are some things people said back around 1900:

They said Edison's carbon filament lamp could never be improved.

Lord Kelvin said man would never fly in heavier-than-air machines.

A writer in the Literary Digest said: "The ordinary 'horseless carriage' is at present a luxury for the wealthy; and, although its price will probably fall in the future, it will never, of course, come into as common use as the bicycle."

In 1903 a scientist wrote in The Independent: "May not our mechanicians be ultimately forced to admit that aerial flight is one of the great class of problems with which man can never cope and give up all attempts to grapple with it?"

At the very moment when this was uttered the Wright brothers were at Kitty Hawk preparing to make their first flight, and two months later they actually did make it.

Nevertheless, the banker's sterile pessimism fascinated me, and as I was making a tour of the country at the time

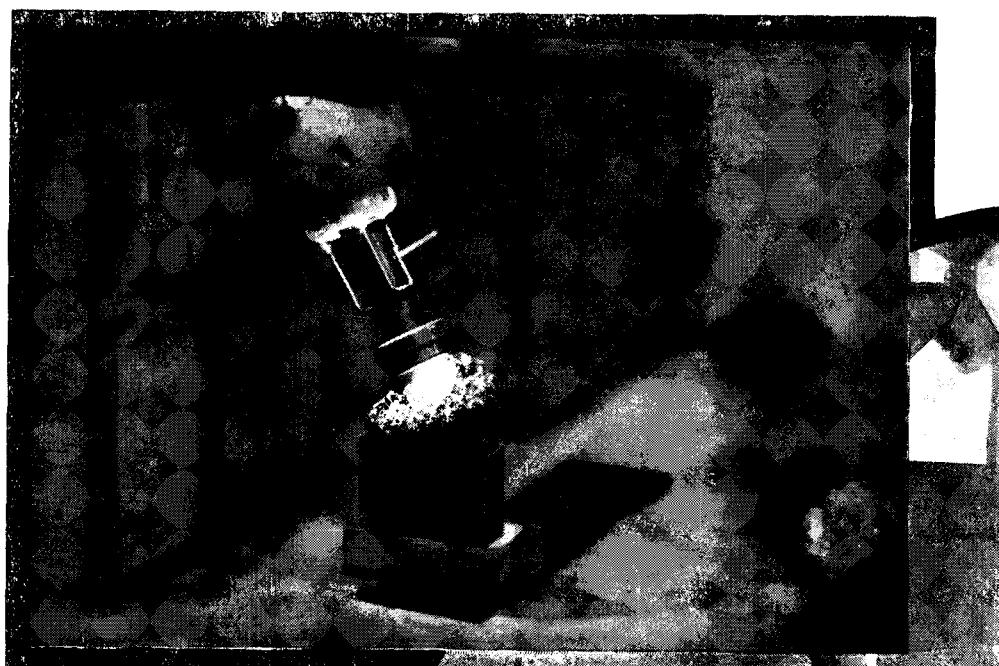
I took advantage of the opportunity to visit some of our leading research laboratories. I thought perhaps their scientist-directors with more enlightened vision might be able to see farther into the future than my banker friend. We have had five-year plans and ten-year plans, and even a twenty-year plan from President Hoover which was really more a pious hope than a plan. I thought I would like to know what the scientists' ten-year plan for business might be. The first one I approached with my question of "What's ahead?" surprised me with his answer. He was Dr. Gustavus J. Esselen, head of his own chemical research laboratories in Boston.

Modern Magic

"Looking ahead in scientific research is a very baffling pastime," he said. "The most amazing results do not always come from the problems we are directly pursuing. For instance, we think of the automobile as playing such an astonishing rôle in giving employment and advancing business in the last dozen years. We do not pause to think of the many perfections of chemistry and metallurgy, not immediately connected with the automobile, which have made possible the enormous production of cars."

"To take a single instance—the new lacquers for finishing automobiles quickly and cheaply. Only a few years ago it took about seventeen days to varnish and rub and re-varnish an automobile to perfect its finish. The cost was enormous. Aside from all the costly work there was the simple problem of space. A factory which made 1,000 automobiles a day would have to provide space for those automobiles for seventeen days while they were being finished. Obviously space would have to be provided for 17,000 automobiles at any given time."

"When the new lacquers were perfected it was possible to finish an automobile in less than an hour."



General Electric Co.

Spectroscopic analysis of a mineral with a new portable cathode-ray tube; a process which has many research possibilities

Dr. Oscar G. Tietjens, Westinghouse research engineer, with a model for a streamlined passenger coach for railways

Westinghouse Electric Co.



This single cut in costs, with the resulting beauty of finish besides, had an important effect in expanding the production of cars in the last few years. This is the preface. Now for the story:

"During the war cordite was the great explosive. To make cordite, a liquid chemical called acetone was needed. But acetone was also needed by airplane manufacturers to waterproof the wings of the planes. Now there was not enough acetone for both purposes. Either the cordite makers or the airplane makers would have to go short. The War Department actually had before it the delicate problem of decid-

ing which was the more essential use.

"At this juncture a chemist produced a new process for making acetone in almost unlimited quantities from materials never hitherto used. In producing acetone, however, another chemical called butanol was produced in even greater quantities. For this butanol, however, there was no known use."

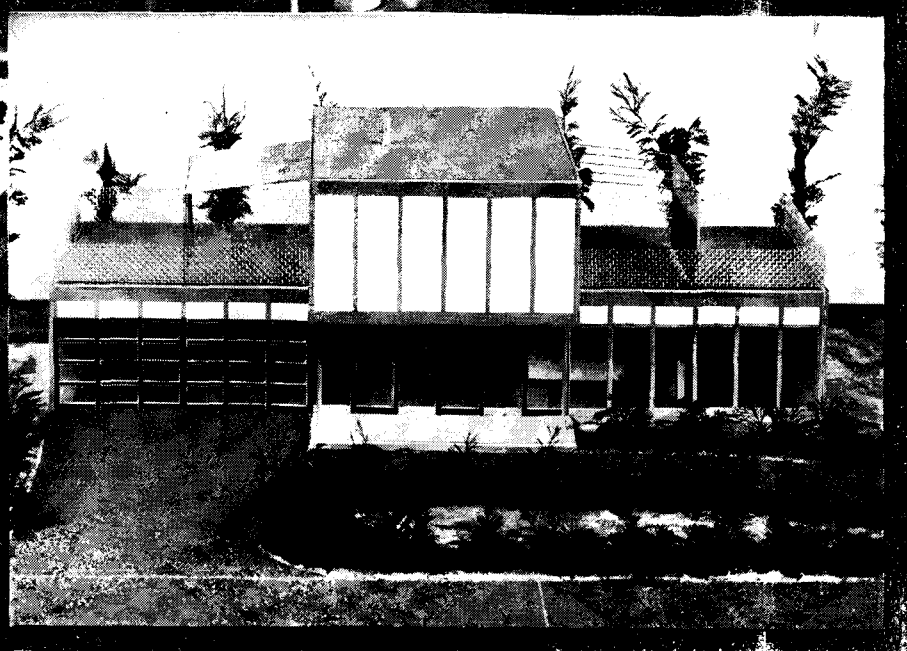
"When the war was over there was another product besides butanol for which there was no extensive use. That was smokeless powder. But very soon chemists found that smokeless powder could be used as a base for a quick-drying finish, but only with the proper



Westinghouse Electric Co.

A huge propeller-type fan which will be used to cool the most powerful motors ever installed in a steel mill

Model for the windowless, air-conditioned house of the future, of steel, fabricated materials and glass



solvent. And butanol turned out to be just the proper solvent for this purpose. How great a distance between the scientists' search for acetone for war purposes and the immense and almost revolutionary peace-time industry of quick-drying lacquers and finishes with its immense effect, in turn, upon our automobile industry!"

I was to learn that research is full of such stories. For instance, there is the great new industry of supplying natural gas to cities for illumination and heat. Fundamentally this is quite old, but in the past the gas was not piped long distances because of the ex-

pense of piping. Pipes were always made by molding, which was expensive and more or less limited their length to a standard of twenty feet. We must go back to the war again, when the A. O. Smith Company of Milwaukee was making bombs for the government. In its extraordinary research department it developed a method of electrical welding for sealing the bombs. When the war was over, bomb-making was no longer an important business. It was at best only a side line for the A. O. Smith Company.

But the company had its electrical welding device. Then one day the head

of the company conceived the idea of making pipes in a new way. Instead of molding, why not turn long narrow strips of metal into the shape of pipes and seal the edges by means of electrical welding? This would make possible large pipes and long lengths at much lower prices.

The idea worked. With large sixteen- and twenty-inch pipes, sixty feet long instead of twenty, laying pipe for delivering natural gas long distances became economically possible. Today the A. O. Smith Company is turning out thirty miles of pipe a day for natural gas transport and a great new industry has been built up, which really began in an effort to seal a bomb more efficiently.

How We Got Radio

One of the greatest of industrial research scientists, Dr. Willis R. Whitney, head of the great General Electric laboratory at Schenectady, said the same thing. In his picturesque style he put it this way: "Invention, as it moves ahead, seldom moves in a straight line. It moves from side to side. We go after something that we want. We obtain it. Then we find the new invention makes it possible for us to have something we hardly dared dream of wanting. Röntgen was not trying to find a way to look at men's hearts or bones when he discovered the X-ray. But when we got the X-ray we found we could, with reason, want to look at our bones and actually see them."

When Edison invented his electric lamps they were costly because they burned out quickly. A little blue glow developed at the base of the filament, of such intensity that it burned out the filament. It was a defect, or so men thought. Scientists worked for years to get rid of that defect. Yet do you know what that 'defect' was? It was radio. But we didn't know it. Other men, moving along, one step at a time, finally put that little blue nuisance to work in one of the most amazing inventions in history. We got radio through Edison's long, patient labors to invent an electric lamp for light. No one can tell where scientific research will lead."

To which we might add this significant fact—that whereas twenty years ago only a few men, in a few ill-equipped laboratories, poorly financed, were laboriously hunting for the secrets which made the last astonishing era, there are now 15,000 scientists, in over 1,000 laboratories, magnificently equipped and splendidly maintained, looking for new laws and new forces to apply to our lives. In 1930 American manufacturers spent \$250,000,000 on research.

A few years ago I asked Charles F. Kettering, famous head of the General Motors laboratory, what perhaps would be the next great single development in industry out of research. His guess

was that it would be air-cooled homes. Indeed, he then had in mind a machine so contrived that you might set it for the temperature you wished and it would supply that temperature to your home the year around—cooling the air in summer and heating it in winter, washing and purifying it, removing the moisture in the summer when too humid, supplying it in winter when too dry. At the time air-cooling in theaters was just being introduced. When I spoke of this to a scientist in New York he said the thing was chimerical; that it would be entirely too expensive for the home; that dehumidifying the air at times involved pumping as much as six or seven gallons of water out of the air of a good-sized room and that this was commercially unfeasible.

I have on my desk now a newspaper clipping which appeared within the last two weeks predicting that in the "not distant future air-conditioning machines will be on the market within the reach of homes." Oddly enough, lying beside that clipping are letters and sales literature from half a dozen large concerns offering to install an air-conditioning machine in my home. The thing is already on the market.

Is it important? Is it sufficiently important to produce an effect economically even half as great as the automobile? My own belief is that it carries with it possibilities for trade expansion, industrial development and the employment of labor far greater than the automobile; and it is already on the market. Consider these facts:

Canada, to the north of us, has a population of 10,000,000. Our southern neighbor, Mexico, has a population of more than 16,000,000. Yet to Canada we sold in 1929—our last active year of business—almost one billion dollars' worth of goods. To Mexico—with over fifty per cent more people—we sold only \$130,000,000 worth. Each Canadian was good, roughly, for a purchase of \$100. Each Mexican was good for a purchase of about \$8.50. Why? It might be explained on the basis of racial differences; on the differences in the two civilizations. But what is the cause back of these?

The Importance of Good Air

Why is the wealth of Wisconsin nearly three times as great as the wealth of Alabama, with approximately the same population? Why is the wealth of Minnesota four times as great as the wealth of Mississippi, with population nearly equal?

Does the reason lie in the climate? Only indirectly. Mexico is richer in natural resources than Canada but it is a hot country. Canada is a cold country. You can live in Mexico without dealing with the climate. But you couldn't live in Canada if you did not very actively deal with the climate. It merely happens that a way of dealing with cold has always been known, while a way of dealing with heat has not. If it were not for the coal stove and the steam plant we would not be doing quite so much business with Canada.

Extreme cold, as well as extreme heat, without artificial mitigation tends to enervate. But Canada has been able to mitigate her cold; Mexico has done nothing about her heat. Wisconsin and Minnesota have modified their cold with heaters; Mississippi and Alabama have done nothing about their heat. Take all the heaters out of Canada and put air-conditioning machines in the homes of Mexico and in another generation we would be selling a billion dollars' worth of goods to Mexico and \$130,000,000 to Canada.

It has been actually demonstrated that with properly conditioned and

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Oh, Promise Me

Love and kisses have their place, but may cause plenty of trouble on paper

By Everett Rhodes Castle

THERE is no fool like an old fool," quoted Mr. Henry Wemple, partner in the distinguished law firm of Cort, DeWitt, Landrey & Wemple, and accompanied the good old adage with a severe gray stare. The stare took in, obviously, the various articles of motley worn by the modern jester. The white spats. The white gardenia. The suspicious-looking front hair. The suggestion of artificial control of frontal weight.

The erstwhile client was not impressed. "I came here for legal help and advice," he announced rudely. "Spare me the spiritual solace and all that. Besides, I'm only forty."

"Yet you wrote a lot of letters to a young lady—er—at least a young female—and signed yourself, 'Puggy.' Compromising letters, full of—er—flights of fancy?"

"Admitted," agreed the client carelessly. "And what of it? I'm not a married man, am I? And my name is Pugsley, isn't it? Was it my fault Mother thought Julian was a pretty-sounding name? The trouble with you, Wemple, is—"

Mr. Wemple made a bony cathedral out of his two gray hands. "The trouble with me," he put in acidly, "is not the point at issue. We were discussing Miss Claire d'Aubray and her collection of letters in their relation to your approaching marriage to Mrs. Cecil Shelburne-Sharp. As a successful broker you are naturally the sort of person that a clever—er—love pirate—"

Mr. Pugsley puckered up his smooth red face in protest. "Claire's no gold digger," he asserted heatedly. "She's a darn' nice kid, even if she is in the chorus of Frilly Feathers. She's as straight an' honest—"

"Ha! Ha!"

"HA, HA, yourself," rejoined Mr. Pugsley tartly. "She is. Absolutely. But she's jealous." Mr. Wemple shook his head sadly at this evidence of mental decay. Mr. Pugsley took exception to his counsel's sadness in his behalf by shoving his gently rounded chins forward and shouting: "What do you know about women? Did you ever marry one? I'll bet you never even kissed one. I'll bet you a thousand dollars against a bone button that no woman ever called you Wempy."

"The type of woman I might be attracted to wouldn't think of it," murmured Mr. Wemple with a superior smile.

"Tripe."

"Does Mrs. Sharp call you Puggy?"

Mr. Pugsley sighed and, sighing, looked more like a wistful, snub-nosed kid than a successful product of the good old days when stocks went up occasionally.

"No," he admitted finally, "she don't." Then, stoutly, "But I wish she would . . . sometimes. But Agatha's different. Claire's father was a blacksmith down in Lima, Ohio. The d'Aubray is just a stage name. The real name is Daubey. Agatha was born up in the rarefied elements, as it were. Until she was twenty-nine she had plenty of money. Naturally, she would call me Julian."

"Naturally," assented Mr. Wemple. "Mrs. Sharp is well-bred."

"Of course she is," agreed Mr. Pugsley proudly. Perhaps too proudly. As if he were reselling himself an idea. "She has the grand manner. Everything about her is the pure quill."

Mr. Wemple nodded. "I thoroughly approve of Mrs. Sharp."

"Thanks for the benediction," snapped his client. "Now, getting back to Claire. I say she's jealous. 'Hell hath no fury' and so forth. She thinks Agatha is marrying me for my money, what little I have left after these last two years. You see? It isn't blackmail. She—she simply thinks I've gone Park Avenue on her. She thinks she is really doing me a favor by threatening me with a suit for breach of promise, using her letters for evidence."

MR. WEMPLE broke up his bony cathedral and then rebuilt it carefully. His cold blue eyes and tight lips tried to smile. "And—and you believe her?"

"Absolutely."

"Incredible."

"A sap, am I?"

"You are at that dangerous age when delusions supplant facts," Mr. Wemple answered firmly. "If Mrs. Sharp had not entered your life you might have married this—this clever lady with her letters of marque."

"I think I would," Mr. Pugsley admitted.

"Of course she isn't interested in the money—I mean the Little Lady from Lima," mused Mr. Wemple.

"Quit talking in capital letters," snarled his client. "You're interested in money, aren't you? I seem to remember that when we get a bill from you it isn't just marked with love and kisses. I'm interested in money, too. I ought to be. I had a million clear in 'twenty-nine. It shrunk to three hundred thousand-odd in 'thirty. And—if we have another slump like October it means selling apples on the corner for me. Why shouldn't I be interested in it?"

Mr. Wemple made a mental note of the admission for two reasons: First, in order to instruct the bookkeeping department to keep their billing of Pugsley & Company up to the minute. Secondly, as a potent argument to be used in the client's interest when it came down to the matter of obtaining the letters. Mr. Wemple had never seen Frilly Feathers, but he knew that the plucking of a bird depended upon the amount of the down.

"I will write to the young—er—lady at once," he promised, "and ask her to stop in to see me at her earliest convenience. You understand that a firm such as ours rarely handles matters of this sort? Just a matter of courtesy. I mean our acting. Clear?"

Mr. Pugsley nodded with equal brevity.

"And that I am to act at my own discretion?"

"Absolutely," the client agreed impatiently, "only get me fixed up."

Mr. Wemple arose. The cold light from the window beside him revealed the perfect picture of the big-time law-



Mr. Pugsley found himself staring at a certified check

yer at the height of his powers. He didn't look old. He didn't look young. He did look very confident. Confidence with just a touch of pity for the type of man with such a blind spot in his make-up as the chubby Mr. Julian Pugsley. He held out his hand.

"You leave this to me," he directed benignly.

WHEN Miss Claire d'Aubray arrived at the law offices of Cort, DeWitt, Landrey & Wemple and was ushered into the private office of Mr. Henry Wemple she was treated to a view calculated to make Broadway understand that it stood before Big Business.

Big Business indicated a chair silently. Broadway took it with a little nod of thanks. Big Business stood with the left hand thrust carelessly into the side pocket of a hundred-and-fifty-dollar suit of ultra-business gray. The fingers of the right hand pressed lightly on the polished surface of the desk. Big Business cleared its throat impressively.

"You are Miss d'Aubray?" The crispness of the question and the trick of lifting the right eyebrow clearly indicated that Broadway, in a little black felt hat and a leopard-skin coat, was after all only Miss Daubey of Lima, Ohio.

"Guilty, Your Honor," Broadway pleaded lightly, and lifted large velvet eyes to study Puggy's lawyer.

"You perhaps can guess why I asked you to stop in and see me?"

Miss d'Aubray nodded carelessly and, leaning back, crossed one shapely limb over the other.

Henry Wemple promptly sat down. Over the top of the desk only the felt hat, velvet eyes and part of the leopard-skin coat were now visible. The action of sitting apparently failed to convey the subtle warning to the girl that the man before her was no Puggy with an eye to feminine pulchritude, for the girl sat up suddenly.

"Do you feel faint?" she asked anxiously.

Mr. Wemple denied it frigidly.

"We have been retained by Mr. Julian Pugsley—" he began.

"He needs a guardian," admitted Miss d'Aubray. "He has delusions."

"If you mean Mrs. Cecil Shelburne-Sharp," Mr. Wemple began loftily.

Miss d'Aubray removed a tortoise-shell case from her bag, selected a cigarette and tapped it thoughtfully on a very pink thumb nail.

"Sharp is right," she said finally. "S as in snooty, H as in hard, A as in avar— you know, greedy, R as in remit and P as in punk."

"I hardly think—"

"Neither does Puggy," Miss d'Aubray drawled through the smoke from her cigarette, "or it wouldn't take him long to see that the lady is long on the Social Register and short on the cash register. If—if I didn't like Puggy, I wouldn't say a word, but Puggy's a good egg. He's just an overgrown boy that has gotten all dazzled up with the high-class frosting in the window. When her husband was alive—"

Mr. Wemple let the girl see that she was talking about his kind of people, even if he had been born and raised in Iowa.

"Mr. Sharp was a friend of mine—"

But Miss d'Aubray insisted on missing the dignity of the tone. She nodded brightly.

"Did he leave you with a bale of nice Social Register I O U's, too?" she inquired.

Mr. Wemple cleared his throat. "I never borrow and I never lend," he said coldly, "and, if you will pardon me for saying so, I never gossip."

"How quaint," observed his visitor with a little smile which revealed that the velvet eyes were really deep violet. It irritated Mr. Wemple to think that he had even noticed the color. He

Illustrated by
Mario
Cooper

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plunged coldly into the matter at hand:

"You have in your possession certain letters written by my client upon which you expect to base an action for breach of promise."

"And how!" agreed Miss d'Aubray simply.

"I am authorized by my client to arrange the—er-r, matter on an amicable basis."

"You mean money?"

"I mean money."

Miss d'Aubray plunged the remainder of her cigarette to smoldering oblivion in the bronze ash-tray on the desk before her.

"I'm not interested."

"What? You—" Mr. Wemple almost lost his big-business aspect in his astonishment.

The girl smiled. "Sounds cock-eyed, doesn't it? A little girl that isn't interested in the Big Idea? Well, I really am. . . . Only my idea is really bigger—I want Puggy. Does that give you the general picture?"

"But Mr. Pugsley is engaged to be married," protested his lawyer. "The lady—no matter what you think of her—is thoroughly qualified to amplify and rationalize his life. Would you stand in the way?"

"Right smack," Miss d'Aubray assured him grimly. "Did you say amplify and rationalize his life? Stop me if I crack my lip over that one. Have you any idea what would happen to Puggy's amplified life if this market keeps on going down?"

"I—I—"

"And don't think I missed that little part about rationalizing his life. What you meant to say was that Puggy would settle down and quit running around with chorus girls. Be happy. Well, he wouldn't. Not with that dame. She wouldn't introduce Puggy to the doorman of her apartment house if she didn't need the money."

Mr. Wemple picked up a strip of paper which lay on the blotter before him, prepared against this meeting.

"These things are beside the point," he suggested. "Here is a check for five thousand dollars—"

"No."

"If it were ten thousand dollars—?" Miss d'Aubray stood up.

"Fifteen?"

The girl held out her hand. It was a slim little hand and it annoyed Mr.

Henry Wemple to find himself deciding in advance that it would probably be soft and warm. Therefore, instead of taking it, he frowned.

"Fifteen thousand dollars is a lot of money," he admonished her sternly.

"You should be telling me," murmured his visitor, "but fifteen thousand won't buy these letters."

It was plain that the girl was determined—or a skillful saleswoman. Which? Mr. Wemple decided to find out.

"I'M AFRAID you are being an obstinate little girl," he said playfully. "Or—or is it because I keep forgetting that you are a—I mean—er-r—an actress? Why can't we come right out in the open and call a spade a spade? How much—"

The next thing Mr. Wemple knew, a small white face was very close to his and a large pair of very violet eyes were staring up appealingly, the entire picture, so to speak, being framed in a most exotic perfume. He fell back hastily in his chair.

"Please," whispered the perfume, or was it the violet eyes? "Please. You are a big lawyer—"

Mr. Wemple stroked his chin.

"One of the biggest in New York."

Mr. Wemple coughed deprecatingly.

"A type of man that thinks with his

head instead of his heart. Am I right?"

Mr. Wemple had to admit the allegation.

"Won't—won't you help me to make Puggy see this thing in the right light?"

"You mean," Mr. Wemple put it to her bluntly, "that your price is marriage—to my client?"

The girl drummed delicately on the slim outline of her knee. "Not exactly," she corrected finally. "I just don't want him to marry this human adding machine. You may think a ding-a-ling like that is better than a chorus girl for a wife—we—we were going to be married just before he went Social Register, you know—but I think we would have been happy. Now when I—I'm just sorry for him—he thinks I'm jealous and it sort of puffs him up. 'Park Avenue and Broadway Battle for Rich Playboy.' That sort of thing. Why—why is it, Mr. Wemple, that some men who are really capable in many ways are just little boys when it comes to women?"

Mr. Henry Wemple chuckled softly. Many times in an observant lifetime he had asked himself the same question.

"PERHAPS," he suggested, "it is because they don't carry into their social life the clear thinking and sound experience which carry them safely

through the dangerous channels of business."

His visitor sighed. "No wonder people come to you when they get into trouble."

There was so much of real admiration and of genuine regret for things missed in the girl's tone that Mr. Wemple refrained, with difficulty, from reaching over and patting the little white hand. And, of course, the position into which the girl was rapidly falling would make the recovery of the letters a comparatively easy matter. Not today or tomorrow, but— A half hour later he dictated a letter of comfort to his client.

"DEAR JULIAN:

"I have just concluded an interview with Miss d'Aubray. While we settled nothing, I feel quite confident of the outcome. As I have so often pointed out to you, it is necessary to lead in order not to be led. I believe I have established a basis of confidence and leadership, for the benefit of all concerned, which will work out rapidly.

"Sincerely yours,

"HENRY WEMPLE."

"P. S. Because Miss d'Aubray is rehearsing for a new show my next interview will take place next Wednesday evening at ten."

(Continued on page 28)

Hot Water

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

SENATOR OPAL, sojourning in London with his daughter Jane, is in trouble. The old fire-eater has a million dry followers in America; also, he has a bootlegger. And a letter he has written to the bootlegger is in the possession of Mrs. J. Wellington Gedge, who is using it to blackmail him into making her husband ambassador to France! Desperate, the senator makes Jane a rash promise: if she can retrieve that letter she can marry any suitor she may pick. Jane is delighted. Already she is engaged (secretly) to an impecunious author—one Blair Eggleston—who, acting on his beloved's advice, has become the senator's valet. She makes her plans accordingly.

Mrs. Gedge (rich) is living with her husband (poor) at the Château Blissac, in France. The Gedges are expecting visitors: the Opals, and the Vicomte de Blissac (a grand drinker, known to his intimates as "Veek"). Veek arrives. He does not, however, rush to the château. Instead, he takes a hotel room, in order to enjoy a carnival, just starting. . . . "Packy" Franklyn—American, young, rich, attractive—also arrives. Admiring Jane (while engaged to Lady Beatrice Bracken), he hopes to help her get that letter. He and Veek are old friends. They meet—celebrate. At a bar, they encounter two interesting gentlemen: Mr. J. Wellington Gedge and Mr. "Soup" Slattery. Mr. Slattery is a safe-cracker. With the aid of one "Oily" Carlisle, he is plotting (unknown to Mr. Gedge) to relieve Mrs. Gedge of her jewels. . . . Drama ensues. Packy saves Mr. Slattery from the police. As evidence of his appreciation, Mr. Slattery offers to crack a safe for Mr. Franklyn any time Mr. Franklyn wishes a safe cracked. The episode gives Packy an inspiration. He rushes to the vicomte. "Veek," he exclaims, "you were boiled last night, so you don't remember—but you almost killed Mr. Gedge in a fight. The cops are after you. The Gedges don't know you. They don't know me. You stay right here, in your room—safe. I'll go to the château—as you!" The vicomte emits a loud groan. "Hop to it, Packy," he whispers—and Packy prepares to go into action.

V

MR. GEDGE, as he lay on the sofa in the drawing-room of the Château Blissac at two o'clock on the following afternoon, was not at the peak of his form. He was conscious of a dark sepia taste in his mouth and a general disinclination for any kind of thought or action. Outside, the birds were singing merrily, and he wished they wouldn't.

His recollections of the previous night were hazy in the extreme. He could remember broadly passing through an experience such as he had not had since the Shriners met in Los Angeles, but as regards the details he was shaky. His only outstanding recollection was of having had a fight with someone.

And then suddenly the picture grew clearer, and he sat up with an anguished start. He had just remembered that his adversary in that combat had been a young man brightly dressed as a lizard, and as the only celebrant at the festivities so cos-

tumed had been the Vicomte de Blissac the battler consequently must have been he. Mr. Gedge was not at his most nimble-witted this afternoon, but he could reason out a simple thing like that.

He was appalled. The vicomte was due to arrive at the château today for an indeterminate visit, and the problem of what is the correct attitude for a host to adopt toward a guest of honor whom on the previous night he has earnestly endeavored to throttle was more than he could solve.

He was still wrestling with it when the door opened and the butler's voice, announcing the Vicomte de Blissac, brought him to his feet as if the sofa had exploded under him.

A moment later, in walked Packy with outstretched hand.

"Good afternoon, good afternoon, good afternoon!" said Packy. "What a

day, what a day! The lark's on the wing; the snail's on the thorn; God's in his heaven; all's right with the world; and how are you, Mr. Gedge?"

MR. GEDGE regarded him with a cold, shuddering hostility. To a man who disliked snails and was not any too sold on larks, such jovial effusiveness at such a moment, even if exhibited by a personal friend, must inevitably have proved distasteful. And Packy was not a personal friend. Mr. Gedge could not remember exactly why, but he knew that he objected to him strongly.

And, in addition to reciting poetry at him at a time when even the lightest prose would scarcely have been endurable, this offensive young fellow was frivolously claiming to be the Vicomte de Blissac. Foggy though Mr. Gedge might be about some of the minutiae of the proceedings of the previous night,

he did know who had been the Vicomte de Blissac and who hadn't. He decided to take a very short way with this sort of thing.

"What the devil are you doing here?" "I've come to stay."

Mr. Gedge gave him one look and moved to the bell.

"I'm going to ring for my butler and have you thrown out."

"I wouldn't."

"You muscle in here, pretending to be the Vicomte de Blissac. . . ."

"I have a very good reason for pretending to be the late Vicomte de Blissac. Ah, Gedge, Gedge," said Packy, "you don't know your own strength."

Mr. Gedge stared.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Surely you have not forgotten the fight you had with the vicomte?"

Mr. Gedge seemed to be trying to swallow his Adam's apple. He did not succeed, for it was still plainly to be seen bobbing up and down.

"But I never touched the fellow."

"That is not the view the police take. They have put out a dragnet and are combing the countryside for a small but burly assassin last seen wearing a sort of Oriental costume with a scarf turban round his head."

Mr. Gedge quivered.

"I mean, I hardly laid a hand on him."

"You are speaking now of the first encounter—what I might call the preliminary skirmish?"

"First?"

"Then you have forgotten the second one?"

"Holy mackerel!" said Mr. Gedge. "You don't mean we had another battle?"

"And how!"

"AND you say this bird is in bad shape?"

"You could hardly say he was in any shape. And I thought the only thing to do was to come here in his place. Of course, looking at it in a narrow, technical way, I am not the Vicomte de Blissac. But I think you will be making a great mistake if you don't accept me as such. If Mrs. Gedge returns and finds no vicomte at the château, don't you think she will start making inquiries?"

Mr. Gedge had sunk into a chair and was kneading his forehead. To believe, or not to believe?

One portion of his mind was telling him that it was simply absurd to suppose that a man could have a desperate fight round about supper-time and not remember anything about it on the following afternoon. And then, stealing back, there came the unnerving thought that Packy might be speaking the truth. In which case, to expel him from the château would be disaster.

"Well, it beats me," he groaned. "I don't see how

Mr. Gedge clutched feverishly at Packy's coat. "Don't you dream of going," he cried



Illustrated by
Floyd M. Davis

I could have forgotten. Why, the time the Shriners met at Los Angeles I remembered everything the next day. I distinctly recalled having socked a fellow of the name of Weinstein. Red-haired man in the real estate business. He made a crack about the California climate. It all came back to me."

"I hadn't the pleasure of being with you when the Shriners met at Los Angeles, but I don't think you could have been quite so boiled then as you were last night. I don't know when I've seen a man so boiled. I dare say you've forgotten socking me?"

Mr. Gedge's eyes bulged.

"Did I?"

"You certainly did. Just one dirty look and then—zingo!"

MR. GEDGE was convinced at last. If he could have forgotten committing assault and battery on a man of Packy's physique, he could have forgotten, he argued, anything.

"So where do we go from here?" asked Packy. "All I am trying to do is to save you unpleasantness. If you wish me to leave, of course I'll leave at once. But in that case how about Mrs. Gedge? Won't she write to the vicomtesse asking what has become of her son? Of course she will. The whole story will then come out, and I don't see how the police can fail to track you down. And after that . . . Well, you can say what you like about the guillotine—the only cure for dandruff and so on—but nobody's going to persuade me that you will enjoy it. So how about it? Do I stay or go?"

Mr. Gedge shot from his chair. He clutched feverishly at Packy's coat.

"Don't you dream of going!" he cried.

"On reflection, you wish me to remain?"

"You're dern tooting I wish you to remain!"

"I think you're wise."

Mr. Gedge mopped his forehead. He looked at Packy adoringly. It amazed him to think that there could ever have been a time when he had not liked—nay, worshipped—this sterling young man.

"I don't know how to thank you, honestly I don't."

"Quite all right. A pleasure."

"It's white of you. That's what it is. White."

"No, no, really. The merest trifle."

A belated memory of the night before returned to Mr. Gedge.

"Say, listen," he said. "I seem to recall saying something at that festival about Yale couldn't play football."

"Oh, never mind that."

"But I do mind that," said Mr. Gedge earnestly. "I admire Yale football. I think it's swell." He hesitated a moment, then, as if feeling that the supreme sacrifice must be made, went on: "Ask me, I should say Yale was better than University of Southern California by around three touchdowns."

"Not three?"

"Yessir. Three."

"One at the most."

"Well, call it two," said Mr. Gedge, making a concession.

IN EVERY chronicle of the rather intricate nature of the one which is here being related, there occurs a point where the conscientious historian finds it expedient to hold a sort of parade or inspection of the various actors in the drama which he is unfolding. It serves

to keep the records straight, and is a convenience to a public to whom he wants to do the square thing—affording as it does a bird's-eye view of the position of affairs to those of his readers who, through no fault of their own, are not birds.

Here, then, is where everybody was at the moment of Packy Franklyn's arrival at the Château Blissac. And this is what, being there, they were doing:

Mrs. Gedge was in the office of her lawyer in London. His operations on her behalf in the matter of evasion of the English income tax had dissatisfied her, and she was talking pretty straight to him.

Lady Beatrice Bracken was in the garden of her father's seat, Worbles, in Dorsetshire. She was reading for the third time Packy's letter announcing his departure for St. Rocque. Well knowing that resort to be a hotbed of gambling and full of the most undesir-

able characters, notably the Vicomte de Blissac, she thoroughly disapproved of his choice of destination. As she read, she frowned. As she frowned, she tapped her foot. And as she tapped she said "H'm!" And she meant it, too. At lunch that day her Aunt Gwendolyn had once more expressed the opinion that Packy was a flippertygibbet, and Beatrice found herself in complete agreement with the old fossil.

MR. GORDON CARLISLE, looking more gentlemanly than ever in a new hat, new shoes, a new suit, and a gardenia, was standing on the deck of the steam-packet Antelope, watching the red roofs of St. Rocque grow more and more distinct as the vessel approached them in the afternoon sunlight. The new suitcase which lay beside him bore a label on which a keen-sighted bystander might have read the legend "M. le Duc de Pont-Andemer."



They walked in silence, each a little pensive

Soup Slattery was at the casino. His overnight experiences had made his head a little heavy first thing in the morning, but a pick-me-up of his own invention had soon put that right and he was now feeling fine. He was punting cautiously at one of the chemin-de-fer tables and, if the matter is of any interest, was slightly ahead of the game.

The Vicomte de Blissac was not in quite such good shape. As he lay in bed in his room at the Hôtel des Étrangers, staring at the ceiling and starting convulsively whenever a footstep approached his door, he was suffering a good deal of discomfort through the activities of some unseen person who would persist in running white-hot skewers through his eyeballs. This, taken in conjunction with the fact that at any moment he was expecting the door to burst open and the Arm of the Law to reach in and haul him off to prison on a capital charge, was having rather a depressing effect on the unfortunate young man.

MR. GEDGE had returned to the drawing-room sofa. He was groaning a little.

Senator Opal was taking a brisk walk in the grounds.

Blair Eggleston was in the servants' quarters of the château, broodingly brushing the spacious seat of the senator's dress trousers. But he was not happy. But then Senator Opal's valets never were. The first thing a valet in the employment of the senator had to learn was that life is stern and earnest and that we are not sent into this world merely to enjoy ourselves.

Miss Putnam, Mrs. Gedge's social secretary, was in the library doing a cross-word puzzle, a form of mental exercise to which she was much addicted.

The cook was asleep. The butler was writing to his mother.

Medway, Mrs. Gedge's maid, was busy about her duties. When these were concluded, she proposed to go and relax down by the lake with the mystery novel which she had begun reading on the previous evening.

Packy was looking for Jane.

And Jane was standing on the rustic path which wound its way along the hillside on which the château was situated, gazing thoughtfully down at the harbor.

It was not, as has already been hinted, a big day for larks and snails. The fact that the former were on the wing and the latter on the thorn had brought little

comfort to Mr. Gedge. Equally small was the solace it conveyed to Jane Opal. As she stood scanning the view beneath her, her heart was troubled. Today, for the first time since sudden love had thrown them into each other's arms, she had found herself beginning to wonder if her Blair was quite the godlike superman she had supposed. There even flashed through her mind a sinister speculation as to whether, when you came right down to it, he wasn't something of a pill.

The thought did no more than pop out of her subconsciousness and back again in an instant, but it had been there and it left her vaguely uneasy.

In these last few days, Blair Eggleston had undoubtedly not been showing himself at his best. Constant association with Senator Opal had induced in him a rather unattractive peevishness. Querulousness and self-pity had marked him for their own.

(Continued on page 40)



Classical sports clothes that have won their place in the sun: seersucker golf dress, normal-waisted swimming suit and tennis dress with striped blazer

Anton Bruehl

Summer Brightening

THE newest thing in fashion is the way women are feeling about it. The first big feel concerns Paris. The second centers on price.

Women are wondering whether the French really have a corner on chic, especially the kind needed three thousand miles away for a different life, a different climate and different financial arrangements. American designers are having a look-in. Some even prophesy a showdown. The market is full of crisp new things that pay no taxes abroad.

The next big feel, the price affair, is even more important. When incomes were first reduced, we knew we'd have to buy for less, but we didn't know how much. We left our usual standards at home, forsook the stores that had served us before—and came back with armfuls

The ladies are getting very literal. Cleanable clothes must clean. Washable clothes must wash. A good golf dress has to be a good dress to play golf in. But they're being serious in a gay way

By Aimee Larkin

of trash. The first week we boasted. The next, we began to have doubts. The cleaner, the laundress or a nice quick shower finished our gloating. We hadn't bought clothes but experience.

Today we know that the most extravagant thing is to follow the lure of the price tag too far down. We're wary of "sales" and "events." We're back in the shops where prices have dropped in the only sane way, along with everything else.

Cleanable clothes must clean. Wash-

able clothes must wash. They must be fast to sun, rain and perspiration. They shouldn't be skimped in the cutting. They've got to be properly seamed. A bias that isn't a bias, a straight that isn't true means somebody saved on the making—but passed no saving on.

In a season of freaks and fads, good workmanship mightn't have meant so much. But this is a summer when the best clothes are simple, almost classic—sports clothes, town clothes, even the lovely filmy things we wear for evening.

Beginning with life in the sun outdoors—separate skirts and sweaters are back. A couple of skirts in first-class wool—try making one yourself, for this is always easy when blouses go over, not under. As many sweaters as the lazy can buy and the thrifty can knit.

Guimpe dresses in silk, linen, light wool, with a flock of blouses you can run up or buy for almost nothing, and little coats or capes to turn them into suits.

For tennis, the sleeveless dress in cotton or washable silk, shoulder-tied or with shoulders built out, is more practical with a little jacket. For golf the ideal costume—convertible neck, pleat in the blouse at center back, pocketed skirt and pleats for a stance, seersucker leading the cottons, wool jersey and flannel, washable silk. For bathing, a one-piece swimming suit of the new wide-wale novelty knit or classical jersey; or a suit with detachable skirt, adjustable at the waist for the older women, worn as a shoulder cape by the young and jaunty. Trouser pajamas, often cotton or flannel slacks, slipped over the suit or over the skin, worn with a white tailored mannish shirt or with a St. Tropez handkerchief split and tied for a bodice. Robes that have rubberized panels in back to save the car.

The Clothes Calendar

For general all-round country wear—cottons from morning till night, if you feel in tune with the new informality. Some look like wool or silk, but the rest are just themselves. Candy stripes are clean and giddy, checks and dots are seen, plain colors are good, to be picked at will—white and off-white in quantity, all shades of blue, red-white-and-blue schemes still in high favor, orange and purple as novelties. Lines slim but easy. Waist natural or high. White corduroy in the coat line-up, seven eighths a newer length than coverall. Linens, of course, are aristocratic and silks are always smart.

For all-day wear in town, the printed silk with the short jacket will start the season nobly, but watch out for capes to give the coats a run. "Shirred sheers," shirred from shoulder to knee, topped with shirred jackets, make sheer fabrics a contender, sometimes printed but more often plain. Cotton and linen tailored suits will also walk the avenue, lightening in color to the good men's wear crash as the season mounts.

Afternoon cottons are fine printed lawns, fine crêpes both printed and plain, but silk is a force to be reckoned with here, provided designs are neat.

When dinner is over, cotton goes on—organdies, eyelet and plain, lacy sheers, cotton nets and laces, with the promised piqué dance frock as the youngest of them all. Skirts hit the ankle-bone squarely or rise an inch or two above. White and pastels outnumber the rest, but dark sheers are new. Chiffons, of course, are always with us—we'd as soon stage an iceless summer. Velvet makes the tiny capes and jackets.

If clothes are simple, hats are more so—fabric hats for sport and street, straws rough and smooth, the panama as ever but in lighter weight, ribbons or bands for informality, a flower here and there for dressed-up versions, a hint of width for fair-and-warmer. The beret is still with us. But the bulk of the fabric entries have 1½- to 3-inch brims. All crowns are shallow. White is topping the rainbow. Hat, bag, shoes of white will go with anything. The perforated unlined shoe is promising hot-weather comfort we've never known before.

Are we excited? Yes, we are. We're out to play in the sun when we can, and be pleased with ourselves when we can't. We aren't tied to colors that mayn't be becoming or lines that suggest the past. We're cool. We're gay. We're young. We're smart. We know what value-per-dollar is and we're getting it, now if ever. If our men were half as clever with clothes... just give the poor dears time.

One of those Days

Of a miracle—and a girl who was well prepared to meet it

By Dana Burnet

"What's the matter, Red?—Haven't you got any beaux?" "Oh," said Shirley, "I guess Charlie Brant would take me"



*Illustrated by
Leslie Beeson*

IT WAS one of those days when you knew something wonderful was going to happen. You had no idea what it would be, but you felt it awaiting you. You felt it in the boundless flood of sunlight pouring in at your bedroom window. You sensed it in the sweetness of the July morning and in the way you yourself came awake; not slowly and reluctantly as on other mornings, but all at once, with a fine, tingling shock, like diving into cold salt water.

So Shirley felt as she rose and went to the window for her usual first morning look at the ocean. How especially blue the sea was! And how dazzlingly it sparkled where the sun struck it! Oh, lovely world, thought Shirley. The words rippled across her mind: they seemed good, so she said them aloud: "Oh, lovely world. Oh, lovely world!"

Somehow she was not only the slim figure of a young girl standing in a window looking out at the ocean. By some simple magic she was also that lone sea gull soaring high above his fellows. Far up against the blue of heaven she soared on gull's wings and, looking down at herself in her plain white nightgown, cried out to that cotton-clad, red-headed self that today some great wonder would happen.

Probably there would be, she mused as she stripped for her shower, a whole series of lesser wonders leading up to the chief miracle. Whew, what cold water! All the water in Maine was cold, both salt and fresh. And when the wind was from the north, it too had even in July a glacial touch which made you grateful for the sun's fierce heat.

Yes, it was true: the lesser miracles had begun. This morning her hair had no kinks in it. Not a single snarl in any of those wild red curls. She smiled at her reflection in the mirror as she brushed her curls and tamed them and tied them with a dark red ribbon.

"I'm not freckling so much this summer," she said to herself. "I've got a nice, even tan. I'm not so bad-looking. Of course, I'm not pretty. But I'm really not so bad this summer."

On her way downstairs to breakfast she stopped in to say good morning to her mother. Mrs. Carter was having her coffee in bed. She smiled at her daughter, and to Shirley the bright day grew subtly brighter. "Hello, darling," said Mrs. Carter. "What a glorious morning. Your father arrived on the early train."

Shirley's face lighted up. The bright day was in her eyes.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh, *did* he? Where is he?"

"Out poking about the garden, I suppose."

SHIRLEY ran downstairs and out of the house by way of the dining-room and the screened porch that adjoined it. The Carter cottage stood on a cliff overlooking the sea. The garden had been made among the gray rocks that billowed out of the ground at the edge of the cliff. A tall man was standing there, with his back to the sky, looking toward the house and vaguely smiling.

"Hi, Daddy!"

"Oh! Hello, there! How's my old Redhead?"

His arms were around her. She hugged his waist, deeply happy at the familiar taste of his tobacco-tinged kiss.

"Was it hot in New York? What an awful train! I'm so glad you came today."

"Why today, honey?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I'm glad, too. Everything's blooming, isn't it?" said Mr. Carter.

"Yes," Shirley said.

"I've never seen so many blossoms on the blue clematis."

"The blue clematis?" echoed his daughter. Turning, she looked at the side of the house where, on a trellis, the gorgeous vine spread its flowers in a solid purplish cloud. "Why, it wasn't like that yesterday. There were only a few blossoms. It's bloomed overnight!" exclaimed the girl breathlessly.

"It's a sight," said Mr. Carter; and his hand caressed her shoulder.

It was more than a sight to Shirley. It was vivid additional proof of the fact that this was to be a day of wonders. She wanted to shout or sing or turn a somersault.

"Let's go in to breakfast," she said.

"Yes, I'm hungry. I've been waiting for you," her father said.

Breakfast was a secret festival of joy. How beautiful a poached egg on toast could be! Why hadn't she noticed things like that before? Why hadn't she seen that everything she did or ate or used or thought about was good? It was all a part of her life, contributing to her inner happiness. . . . There was some great idea here? No, no. . . . It was just that life was good. So good!

"Daddy, would you mind awfully taking me to the dance tonight?"

"Why, no, Shirl. Of course not." Mr. Carter looked up from his bowl of cereal. The immemorial parental worry creased his forehead. "What's the mat-

ter, Red?" he asked with false levity. "Haven't you got any beaux?"

"Oh," said Shirley, "I guess Charlie Brant would take me. He always does. But I'd sort of like to go with you."

"I see," said Mr. Carter. "I see. That's nice, Red. I'll be glad to take you. We'll have fun."

HE WENT on with his cereal. But he was worried, in a dim, fragmentary way. Was there some mysterious Freudian force at work in his daughter's mind? Oh, to heck with Freud! A lot of bunk, most of that psychoanalytical stuff. Shirley was sound. Perfectly normal. Not a beautiful girl, but sound. And as good and sweet as they make 'em—I ought to be grateful, thought Mr. Carter. I am grateful, even though she isn't as pretty as I'd hoped she'd be.

Shirley's sense of secret festival lasted her all the day long. She took it with her to the beach (that feeling of everything being good) and into the ocean, and out again. Lying on the sand with others of the younger set, she wondered if they, too, felt the imminence of beauty, of an especial miracle vibrating in the air. It was like an invisible angel hovering on silent wings. . . . On silent wings! How lovely words could be! . . .

"Be around about eight-thirty tonight to take you to the dance," said Charlie Brant, lying prone beside her.

"I'm going with Daddy," Shirley told him.

(Continued on page 49)

A Girl is like a Colt

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Alan Le May



Illustrated by
Arthur D.
Fuller

"She wants me to forgive her," said Hunt, as if speaking of a miracle. "Chalmers is out, and I'm ace high again"

AT FIRST, after the blow had fallen, Jim Hunt tried to go about the business of his ranch as if nothing had happened. He sent his cowboys up-country and down-country, bearing down on the work; but the letter he had just received from the girl in Denver milled incessantly through his mind.

It was just a brief, not very eloquent letter, such as a girl writes who wishes to let a man down as gently as may be. The girl—her name was Alice—expressed her lasting admiration for Jim; and hoped he would agree that they had perhaps been headlong and somewhat silly. But Hunt already knew that an outstanding rival named Chalmers had now been in Denver more than a month. Hunt had done pretty well in cattle, but he could not compete with the monumental wealth of Chalmers; and now he read the cards without any difficulty.

So, presently, he went into his ranch-house to the unhappy job of writing a terminal message to the girl.

It was slow going; but the wire was nearly composed by the time he was interrupted by his lanky range foreman, Ed Parr. Parr leaned over Jim's shoulder to give his unconcealed interest to Jim's literary effort.

"What the heck," Hunt demanded, "you think you're doing?"

Ed Parr frowned judicially, and read Jim's telegram aloud: "If that is what you want I wish you all happiness stop if ever you want me or need me you have only to say so stop devoted love. . . . What's the idea you keep saying 'stop'? It sounds like you was trying to talk and somebody was tickling you."

HUNT snorted. But he let down, feeling the need of consolation and advice. "Outside of that, don't you think—"

"Outside of that I think you got daisies in your hair. Where you make your mistake, you lay down and let that girl ride over you. You—"

"Do you know what I figure?" Hunt demanded. "Nothing ever made me so sick in my life. Chalmers' money is responsible for this! I feel just like he had outbid me and bought her."

"Looks more like it was your own fault. Take breaking a colt. How did you teach that roan bronc to come running up to you when he sees the halter? Why, you popped a forty-foot black-snake around him until he thought he was entirely surrounded by serious explosions; and—"

"For God's sake, will you shut up!"

Parr shrugged. "All right. But you're a sucker to send a wire like that.

Bang goes sixty-five cents, just to forward a kind of mooing sound."

"Darned if I know what to send."

"Send for a drink. No, here, I'll get it myself. Next thing, you stick a quart bottle in your boot and go to town. You got to get in and wire Schuyler, if you aim to outbid Murphy for them six thousand acres on the Taboose."

"To hell with it."

"With Murphy bidding only four and a half an acre, you can anyway up him two bits. Go on to town. And if you turn up here sober inside of four days, I aim to send you fishing!"

For once the fire-eating Jim Hunt obeyed his employee. He went to town with a bottle in his boot; and it was two days before he turned up at his ranch again, feeling worse than ever.

"You know how I feel?" he asked Parr from the depths of gloom. "I feel like that rich fellow just outbid me, and as good as bought her."

Ed Parr said, "Well, I varnished your fish pole."

HUNT went fishing, and this time was gone a week. But he returned looking lower than ever.

"You know what I figure?" he told Parr. "It's just the same as if Chalmers went to work and he—"

"Yeah, he just outbid you and bought

her. You already told me that. Well, there's some mail for you, and a couple telegrams. I opened one telegram, thinking it was about that Taboose land. It wasn't. But say! She's plenty sore, to judge by her wire."

"Her wire? Let's see it!"

PARR rummaged, and produced the yellow sheet. Six surprising words stared up at Jim Hunt:

HOW DARE YOU I HATE YOU

Hunt looked blank. "Funny! I didn't send her any word."

Parr considered. "Maybe she explains in this other telegram. I didn't dast open it, after the first one blew up in my face."

Hunt ripped open the second wire, and stared at it:

NO I DON'T FORGIVE MY LETTER FOLLOWS ALICE

"Here's a letter, seems like from her," Parr prompted. Hunt tore open the envelope.

"She wants me to forgive her," he said as if speaking of a miracle. "Chalmers is out, and I'm ace high again." Abruptly, bafflement crossed his face. "Dog-goned if I get it. She talks like I sent her a message of some kind—

and I did no such a thing. Parr," he suddenly turned fiercely on his foreman, "I bet you wired that girl!"

"Who, me? And pay for it myself?"

"I'll soon find out if you did! I'm going in to talk to the telegraph people. Of all the infernal nerve—"

Jim Hunt had Parr on a belligerent defensive by the time they reached the town. They strode steaming into the telegraph office.

"Where's that wire Parr sent out of here last week?"

"We haven't any, Mr. Hunt. Parr hasn't been in here."

HUNT faltered, nonplused; and Parr played his card. "Well, then, where's the wire Hunt sent?"

"I tell you," Hunt raved, "I know if I sent a wire or not!"

"You mean to say you was so illuminated you didn't even wire Schuyler about the Taboose land?"

"Sure I wired Schuyler, but—"

Parr jerked a carbon copy from the clerk's hands; and as he read the dried leather of his face slowly crinkled. "I mind you said you figured that rich feller was bidding you out of the girl. You're a game one, though, to try to beat him with such a slim boost as this!"

Hunt snatched the copy of the wire from Parr. He stared at it for a long minute as if he could not believe his eyes; then his hands went slack and the paper fluttered to the floor.

From the floor looked up the words which had reached across two states to astound a girl, infuriate her, half break her heart and finally bring her back to the man she had decided to forget:

MISS ALICE HANCOCK

DENVER COLO

I RAISE HIS BID FIFTEEN CENTS

By temperament a vagabond, by decree of fate a singer, Miss Nielsen was destined inevitably to meet adventure. Here she tells you of her first professional appearance, her brief experiment with matrimony and of the inextinguishable confidence that carried her to the heights

IN THE days of my extreme youth, when I had acquired a local celebrity as a child who sang in Kansas City's streets, there was a wide social gulf between an actress and a lady. Gentlemen, known among other things as stage-door Johnnies, laid nightly siege to the stage entrances and a considerable literature appeared treating of these dashing males, who were popularly pictured as wearing opera cloaks—or at least capes on their ulsters—and opera hats.

One beheld them standing simpering in rows in narrow, kerosene-lit back streets, with cabbage-shaped bouquets in their white-gloved hands. Thus they awaited the star of the show, the toast of the stage, whom they proceeded to bear off to gay midnight suppers where they fêted her with champagne salvos for which she did her inimitable dance on the table. Dear me!

Now and then the handsomest among them, the most irresistible, the richest, the most fashionable and most derring-do of them, married the girl. It was usually a precipitous marriage, involving mad midnight rides in rubber-tired buggies drawn by spirited horses, floods of champagne, a well-paid country parson and much singing by the gallant's fellow club members.

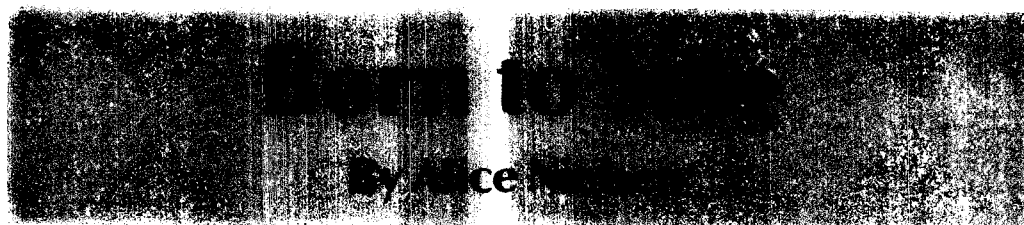
Even the metropolitan newspapers surrendered their front pages to the escapade. It was always an escapade, you know. And the young cavalier who had given this woman (the actress) his proud name always had the benefit of public sympathy, because everybody knew that he had been trapped, snared and thoroughly sired.

Thus, briefly, the knights of the period. As for the ladies—fortunately for me, I wasn't a lady. No lady would have thought of haunting stage doors as I did; and few of the Johnnies had my persistency, stamina and uncontrollable gail. If I haven't reminded you that I, the minstrel gamin, was all the nuisance that the precocious undisciplined child can be, I'm guilty of an inadvertence. As I look back upon it now, I marvel at Mel Hudson's forbearance. Just how he controlled himself and squandered so much of his time saving me from the horses' hoofs and the wheels of the scenery drays is most mysterious. Viewing those days from my present mellow years, I am moved to reach back and bestow a lusty wallop on the pert nose of the brat, Alice.

However, had I been a little lady, my professional stage début would not have occurred so early; I have never been



Alice Nielsen with Pini-Corsi, as Norina in Don Pasquale



one of those polite and self-controlled females who are willing to wait until bidden to demonstrate their talents. My mother did her best to teach me restraint, going so far on occasion as to hide my clothes that I might give my favorite haunts (stage doors) and my chronic victims (barnstorming troupes and their managers) a holiday.

The Handicaps of Talent

But when it dawned upon her that it was wholly immaterial to me what I wore and that the neighbors would clothe me rather than see me trotting off with practically nothing on, the poor dear surrendered, hoping that the Sisters at the free parochial school of St. Theresa's Academy, to whom I had been given for whatever small education I might absorb, would be able to civilize me.

They, too, seemed to have been the victims of my voice, such a gift as an indiscriminate Providence flings into the air now and then, letting it fall like the rain upon the just and unjust. After so many years of association with genius, I now feel sure that this talent distribution is merely a demonstration

of Nature's humor. Alas, the greater the genius in any single direction, the less room its possessor seems to have for other desirable qualities—such, for example, as tolerance, generosity and, indeed, simple intelligence.

But, had I been a lady at the age of ten or thereabouts, I should not have captured my first part in comic opera. "Captured" is the word. They were probably afraid that I would murder any other child given the part, although mine was the advantage of being on the ground when Fate created the opportunity.

Also I could sing, and by this time I had a considerable following and box-office value in Kansas City. Doubtless there were residents of that lovely municipality who would have fought to the death to assure me the part, if for no other reason than to get me off the streets and out from under their feet. Even in those naïve days, the simple citizenry got pretty well fed up with child prodigies, although they were probably less swift to think of murder than we are today.

On July 6, 1885, two weeks before it appeared in New York, the first American performance of Gilbert and Sulli-

van's *The Mikado* was heard in the Museum in Chicago. I am thus specific because in due course the argument regarding Chicago's priority racked the nation, ranking with such later problems as *How Old Is Ann?* *What Would Dewey Do?* and *Does the Constitution Follow the Flag?*

At any rate, the nation went *Mikado* mad. Of what happened before I have but a misty recollection; but not since then—not even with *Robin Hood*, *The Merry Widow*, *Florodora*, *The Chocolate Soldier* and *The Red Mill*—has there been anything like *The Mikado* epidemic. Hardly an hour, certainly not a day, passed that a brand-new *Mikado* company was not launched. Every baritone in the United States was ready at a second's notice to sing the title rôle, every tenor—amateur or professional—was rehearsed to a frazzle for *Nanki Poo*; and as for the girls—whether they could sing or not, they were doing *Yum Yum*, *Pitti Sing* and *Peep Bo*. And all comedians—parlor, corner, club and stage—were doing *The Lord High Executioner*, *Koko*. As it comes back to me, I should say that *The Mikado* was being sung by everybody except deaf-mutes. Or perhaps I just didn't hear of such a company.

Outdoor Gilbert and Sullivan

Well, at the Gillis Opera House in Kansas City a juvenile company was taking its toll of the genius of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan who, fortunately, were in England—probably hiding. This company of children was one of several put out, I think, by Mr. Jules Grau, brother of Maurice, who was one day to have his troubles with the Metropolitan Opera Company's magnificent collection of *Aidas*, *Fausts*, *Marguerites*, *Mimis*, *Caremens* and *Brünnehildes*. This one was no worse than its mates.

Of course I knew my *Mikado*. Who didn't? But where the others

had the decency to confine their renditions to indoors, I was not so reticent. Moreover, I knew all the parts—or the high spots of all—and was as apt to sing *Poo Bah's* basso contributions (jerking them upward to suit my range, of course) as to hold forth in the songs of *Katisha*, not hesitating even at the duets. My favorite place for thus showing off my *Mikado* was at the stage door of the Gillis; and my favorite time was when the company was going in or coming out.

And then, one day, the heavens opened for me and paradise beckoned. Arriving at the Gillis hours before the matinée was to be sung, I was among the first to learn that the child—a girl—who sang *Nanki Poo* had died that morning.

With indecent haste and without stopping to learn whether there was an understudy to sing her part, I flung myself upon the stage manager—an old man who had been the only member of the organization to pay any visible attention to my competitive singing.

Not only did I get the hearing, but the director was so impressed with my voice that he confided to the stage

(Continued on page 36)



Imagine that lobby when Minnie and young Mrs. Jim Karew came down

Of the beautiful Mrs. Jim Karew, gangster's wife, and what happened when she went to Hay City

IT ALL began in Chicago. We know because Dave Gordon had it straight from O'Day himself.

When beautiful Mrs. Jim Karew walked into Detective Headquarters one week after Jim had been laid to rest in a gangster's grave, the boys were mighty surprised.

She asked for Patrick O'Day. Pat came out of the inner office, meaning to be very brusque and businesslike, but the back of his neck was as red as his hair. When he saw her, he stopped. She looked so little in that big bare room with all those husky dicks. He said:

"Why, Inez, hello. How are you?" All at once.

She said: "I'm just fine, Pat. I just dropped in for a chat, a little social talk, you know." She looked bad, so white and tired. He took her hand and stood looking into her eyes. Usually they were blue, but tonight they were almost purple. Then he remembered the boys standing by and watching.

"Inez was my first girl," he said. She

smiled at them, but they didn't smile back. They didn't have much use for a woman who would ditch Pat O'Day and marry a graduate gunman that looked good in a dinner jacket. She turned to Pat, baffled and hurt, and he took her into the inner office. He couldn't quite be himself.

"I've got to get away, Pat!" she said in a little gasp. She sank into a chair as if she were too tired to stand up. Pat didn't say anything, so she went on:

"Couldn't you fix it for me? I can't stay here with Jim's friends on my neck."

"Where do you want to go?" Pat asked.

"Anywhere where it's quiet and peaceful—somewhere in the country."

"The inspector may want you here, to answer questions," Pat said.

"Pat,"—she leaned across the desk toward him—"I don't know anything about Jim's business that I haven't told a million times. Honest I don't! He hadn't lived at home for more than eight months—he was always hiding somewhere. . . ." She looked away.

"Must have been tough, married to a crook," Pat said, and he looked hard at the scar on his left hand.

"But I've been straight, Pat," she said. "And I always will be, but you've got to help me—you've got to get

me away. You will, won't you, Pat?"

And he said: "Sure." And a couple of weeks later he saw her off on the train to Hay City.

MR. JIM KAREW came into Hay City on the only morning train that stops. She climbed off and went straight into the baggage-room. She opened her bag—a long, black one with a genuine diamond clasp—and gave the baggage-man three checks, and told him to deliver the trunks to her at the Palace Hotel. Right then he smelled trouble, for what could one woman be doing with three trunks? Then she got into Joe Spear's flivver and rode up to the hotel. Joe said he never saw a movie star that could beat her for snappy dressing. She went into the lobby and up to the desk and registered.

It was six o'clock in the morning and Bill Skeeter, the clerk, was too sleepy to pay much attention to her until he read that signature, and then he nearly busted! He whirled the book around real quick, and read it right side up. Sure enough—in a big, bold, fancy hand she'd written: "Mrs. Jim Karew . . . Chicago, Ill."

Bill banged the bell but the bell-hop hadn't got there yet or was out in the kitchen eating his breakfast, so Skeeter carried her luggage up himself and unlocked the door for her. She gave him a quarter but he said he didn't take it.

And this is what started everybody in Hay City gasping: When she opened her pocketbook to fish out that quarter, Bill Skeeter saw a little pearl-handled revolver! A real, honest-to-Pete gun! Bill said you could have slapped him over with a piece of lettuce.

About ten o'clock she made a phone call. She called the Gordon Realty Company and said would they send somebody over to talk—she wanted to buy a house, and a big house!

Mr. Gordon grabbed his hat off the hat-rack and lit out for that hotel. It was the first business he'd heard of in a pink moon. But he'd been to the University of Illinois and always did things right. He got in the elevator and waited until the bell-hop got it started and rode up. Then he knocked on the door and she said: "Come in." Real friendly-like. Maggie, the chambermaid, was in the hall and heard her.

Mrs. Jim Karew was standing over by the window, looking down on the town square. She was a platinum blonde and so beautiful Gordon just stood and stared at her. He said right then he liked the real estate business better than he ever had before.

"I WANT to buy a house, Mr. Gordon . . . a big, furnished house," she said. She ran her hand across her forehead as if she were awfully tired.

Dave Gordon hesitated. He said he could get her a house, maybe, but it would take time to come to terms with the owner. What he wondered was whether he ever could persuade Mrs. Gordon to move again this season, and if she'd sell the furniture. He thought probably she wouldn't, and he couldn't think of anybody else who had a big, furnished house for sale.

"I'll pay cash," Mrs. Jim Karew said. "But I want the house immediately."

That speech convinced Dave she was the Mrs. Jim Karew, all

right, but he didn't know what to do. The Chamber of Commerce wouldn't want her living in Hay City. The papers had been full of Jim Karew and his reign of terror, and now here was his widow come out to Hay City and wanting a big house. Probably she meant to get Jim's old gang together; probably they'd turn Hay City into another Cicero, and the house she got would be the base for criminal operations. He decided to go over and talk to his lawyer and then see what was to be what.

"I'll see what I can scare up," he said, "and I'll phone you back."

Downstairs, in the lobby, he bumped into the mayor and the sheriff both talking to the proprietor.

"And we ain't goin' to have that woman in this town!" the mayor said, and hit the desk a terrific thump.

"Next thing we know," the sheriff speculated, "Hay City's streets will be flowin' blood."

"Imagine bein' so dumb as to sign her own name," Skeeter marveled. Skeeter read all the crime stories out and said he could give most crooks lessons.

"Maybe she just wants to settle down someplace quiet," Dave Gordon hazarded.

"SETTLE DOWN, with all the dough she's got?" Skeeter snorted. "Say, if I had her money, I'd be in a big town so fast you couldn't tell me good-by."

"All I got to say," the proprietor said, "is that there is enough crooks in Hay City already, but as long as she pays her bill let her stay."

"We'd better see John Strong," the sheriff suggested, and he went out toward the bank.

When the news got out, Hay City just went wild. The nerve of that hussy coming out to a decent town with respectable people and aiming to buy property! Why didn't she stay in Chicago? Because Chicago was too darn' hot for her, that's why!

It was about five o'clock that afternoon and there hadn't been so many people in the Palace lobby since the day the place was dedicated. Everybody was talking about what John Strong, the banker, was going to do. He'd said right out that it wasn't safe for the

Illustrated by
Robert
Patterson



"I've been lonely all my life," Minnie said. And her voice was awfully pitiful

By Tiah Devitt

town or the bank to let Mrs. Jim Karew stay, and he'd put her out himself if he had to. Well, who should come in but Minnie Broc! She went right up to the desk and said to Skeeter:

"Tell Mrs. Karew that Miss Minnie Broc is in the lobby and would like to see her."

FOLKS nearly dropped dead. Nobody could imagine what that nut was up to. Minnie was the town joke, and she was awfully queer. She wouldn't have anything to do with her brothers and lived in the big old Broc place all by herself. Some people thought she ought to be put away; others said, "Aw, pshaw, she's harmless."

Well, Skeeter called Mrs. Karew and put Minnie on the wire, and Mrs. Karew must have said "Come up," because Minnie just whirled around and went straight into the elevator.

"Now, what is she up to?" everybody wanted to know.

"Imagine a goof like her havin' all that dough," Skeeter said.

Well, it just happened that Maggie was sweeping up the hall outside Mrs. Jim Karew's door, and she heard a lot they said. Mrs. Karew told Minnie to sit down and Minnie must have sat because Maggie heard her pipe up:

"What ever made a pretty girl like you come to a town like this?"

"I just wanted to get away and buy a home and have a little peace," Mrs. Karew said. "It's kind of you to come to see me. I've been desperately lonely the past few weeks."

"I've been lonely all my life," Minnie said. And Maggie said her voice was awfully pitiful. Then nobody said anything, and Minnie went on:

"I hear you want to buy a place. I live in the best house in town, but I can't sell it on account of the courts being so crooked and letting my brothers tie everything up in trust. But if you'd like to come and live with me, I'd do everything to make you happy."

"You're very kind," Mrs. Karew said. "It's not kindness. I know what it is to be persecuted, and all my life I've wanted to know somebody that wore pretty clothes and had been places—somebody who'd be my friend."

Then Maggie climbed to dust the transom and happened to see in. There was Minnie sitting on the edge of her chair like an angular owl peering at Mrs. Karew from behind her nose glasses, serious as mud. And Mrs. Karew was standing looking down at her so soulful-like.

"I'D LOVE to," Mrs. Karew said with a little sigh. "I'd love to be able to wire my friends that I've found a little spot and lighted. Would you really rent me some rooms, a floor or something?"

"Why don't you come out to dinner and see the house?" Minnie suggested, as eager as a kid, "and if you like just stay on. I won't bother you any, and I'll get you anything you want."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Karew, "I'd love to come." Then Minnie went to the phone and got Ange, the cateress, and told her to get over and make a banquet for two and bring Sammy to serve.

Imagine that lobby when homely, middle-aged Minnie, in her funny get-up, and beautiful, young Mrs. Jim Karew came down together.

Mrs. Karew went to the desk and left her key, and then she asked for a telegraph blank. Nobody looked over her shoulder while she wrote because they knew Skeeter would read it after she went out. She soon did and put Minnie

into Joe Spear's flivver, and they rode off in state.

And who do you think that telegram was to? A detective! Everybody knows the crooks and the police are hand-and-glove, but that was almost too much. It was to Detective Patrick O'Day, and it said:

"Resting here as you suggested . . . considering offer to return to the theater . . . will write . . . deepest gratitude."

"INEZ"

The sheriff took his cue and wired in too, and said was she a fit character to be in Hay City? And he got an answer right after supper and he was boiling mad. It said:

SHE'S A FINE GIRL LEAVE
HER ALONE BLOCKHEAD
PATRICK O'DAY

SAMMY was at the Broc place setting the table when Minnie and Mrs. Karew came home. Minnie went fussing in to the kitchen and gave orders to put on the lace cloth and to use the silver service plates and the best glassware. Then she took Mrs. Karew all through the old house. And Mrs. Karew was just like a child. She kept clapping her hands and saying, "What a lovely old house, what a beautiful room." Of course, it was a nice place. Hadn't folks been coming from all over the country to see it for two generations?

And that dinner must have been some meal! Ange said she never cooked more elaborate, and Sammy said Minnie even got her keys and unlocked the wine closet and got out the best! Well, when her brothers heard that they had spasms. When they gave Minnie the house they didn't know there was a drop of liquor in it. And their wives were foaming too, because they hadn't wanted any of the old-fashioned furniture and said, "Give it to Minnie." They had forgotten all about the elegant silver; it had been so long since the Brocs had given a state dinner.

There the two of them sat in that great mahogany-paneled dining-room, sipping wine in the candlelight and talking and talking.

Mrs. Karew started telling Minnie about being a kid in Chicago and learning to dance and going on the stage, and about dancing in New York and London and Paris, and such places. Sammy says Minnie's eyes were as big as soup tureens. Then she went on telling about meeting Jim Karew. They met on a ship coming back from Europe. She said he was handsome and dynamic, and she used a lot of big words about him.

And then Minnie started to talk:

"That's the kind of life I should have had!" she said. And right then and there she told Mrs. Karew the old story



"Did this woman look as if she might just have murdered somebody?" Ty asked Dave

about John Strong. Sammy said it was terrible sad to hear her tell it, and that the tears came to Mrs. Karew's eyes.

"The night before we were to be married," Minnie said, and her voice was all caught up with feeling, "he went to his father and he shouted, 'I won't marry her, darn you, I won't! She's stupid and ugly as sin, and I'll marry Gladys and leave town. Even if you never speak to me again, even if you disinherit me, I will not marry Minnie Broc!'"

Minnie stopped talking and kind of wrung her hands; her face worked as if she was in terrible pain, and then she went on. Seemed like she just had to tell Mrs. Jim Karew that story:

"EVERYBODY in town heard of the quarrel John Strong had with his father, and that very night he married Gladys. I wanted to go away, just any place, to get out of Hay City. But my family wouldn't hear of it. They said: 'There's nothing for you to be ashamed of: you've got nothing to hide.' No reason to hide when John had done me like that? When everybody in town poked fun at me I just sort of turned to sawdust. Maybe I did act queer. Finally they sent me away, to a sanitarium—"

There was a long silence. Sammy said he passed the mints and went away quick.

"When I came home," Minnie said, "people whispered about me—that I wasn't right! After my parents died, I was all alone. And even my brothers wouldn't give me the money to get away. You're the only person I've seen since the night of John Strong's wedding that was good to me."

"And what's happened to John Strong?" Mrs. Karew asked very softly.

"He's the banker here now. He runs the whole town."

Right after dinner the two of them went to the hotel and packed up Mrs. Karew's bags and she moved in with Minnie Broc. They kept Ange and Sammy regular and lived in high style.

One day she said to Ange, "Have you seen my black bag? The one with the diamond clasp?" And Ange was hopping mad. She said it was bad enough for that woman to be a murderer's wife, without accusing honest folks of stealing. But they looked high and low and couldn't find the bag anywhere.

Then one morning at breakfast Minnie said:

"I hear the bank isn't going to fail. John Strong got a carload of money in last night. So now I think I'll spend what I saved here at home against a rainy day. I want to go to Capitol City

(Continued on page 42)

Tailor-Made Keynotes

By Clinton W. Gilbert

SENATOR L. J. DICKINSON of Iowa will keynote for the Republicans at their national convention, and Senator Alben W. Barkley of Kentucky will keynote for the Democrats at their national convention two weeks later. I look forward to listening to them with the same pleasure with which I listened to Senator Simeon Fess making a speech before the Hoover convention at Kansas City, and anyone who has heard the orator of Yellow Springs can realize what a treat is in prospect.

Great solemnity attends the selection of the temporary chairmen of national conventions who sound the party keynote. The temporary chairman's speech as the authentic voice of his party ranks second only to the national platform, and you all know what an inspired piece of literature the party platform is. "On the one hand, on the other; however; but"—it moves triumphantly through the issues of the day, always avoiding the pitfalls of positive statement, always taking back in some disjunctive what it has seemed to say in the main clause. And so that there can be no mistake about the party's position, it is stated twice over: in the keynoter's speech and in the platform.

One could wish for a return of the happy days before the Civil War. When the Whigs nominated Zachary Taylor for President they didn't know what to say about slavery, so they adopted no platform but hoped that the candidate would write a letter that would make plain the party's position. But the letter sent to the candidate to notify him of his nomination remained in the Baton Rouge post office six weeks, owing to the fact that the thrifty notifier had sent it collect—as you could in those days—and the general, being annoyed at the number of collect letters that were being sent to him, had ordered the postmaster not to deliver any more to him. When the general did get word that he was nominated he wrote briefly, accepting, but did not mention the issues about which, being a soldier, he did not know a thing. Nevertheless he was elected, without a keynote speech or a platform.

But now parties are under contract to the cities that entertain conventions to be in session at least four days. So there is a long keynote speech, then another long speech by the permanent chairman saying the same things all over again, and a platform that takes a whole session to read.

The circumstances that led to the selection of the two keynoters are interesting. Bertrand H. Snell of New York, the Republican leader of the House, was chosen early as the permanent chairman of the Republican national convention, perhaps to strengthen the hold that President Hoover has upon the minority in the lower house by honoring its chief. When one of the chairmen comes from the East, the other in the Republican national convention almost inevitably comes from the Middle

West. The two chairmen in 1928 were Senator Moses of New Hampshire and Senator Fess of Ohio.

In the Middle West this time the range of choice was narrow. Senator Fess of Ohio is chairman of the Republican National Committee, which is enough for him. Senator Watson of Indiana is not wholly trusted by Mr. Hoover's friends. His colleague, Senator Robinson, still has somewhere in his closet the white robe of the Ku Klux Klan. Senator Glenn of Illinois is bucolic.

So the temporary chairman had to come from either Michigan or Iowa. Senator Couzens of the former is too independent. And Senator Brookhart of the latter will be anti-Hoover, at least until after the nomination is made. Thus the choice narrowed down to Senator Vandenberg of Michigan or Senator Dickinson of Iowa.

Insuring Mediocrity

I don't know why it was not Vandenberg. Nature seems to have designed him for a keynoter. Handsome, opulent in his vocabulary, he will surely sound the tuning fork of Republicanism some day. But this time Dickinson of Iowa is the choice. It was arrived at geographically and by the process of elimination. You do not arrive at anything very distinguished by that process. Probably Mr. Dickinson deserved recognition as one of the very few friends President Hoover has in Iowa.

Different though quite usual considerations led to the selection of the Democratic keynoter, Senator Barkley. The senator was to be Kentucky's favorite son. Word was brought to him

that he might gain favor with Governor Roosevelt if he put by the empty honor of Kentucky's support for one ballot and turned Kentucky's delegates over to Mr. Roosevelt. He acceded to this suggestion and his reward was the temporary chairmanship.

The original draft of the keynoter's speech is written by the keynoter, but not the speech he delivers. Everybody has a hand in that. It goes through as many changes as a drama does from the time it has been accepted by a producer to the time an audience first hears it on the stage. Mr. Dickinson's effort will be read and edited by President Hoover, by Walter Brown, by Ray Benjamin, by Franklin Fort, by Simeon Fess and by I know not how many others. Mr. Barkley's speech will be read and edited by Governor Roosevelt, by Louis Howe, by Jim Farley, by Colonel House, by Ambassador Morgenthau, and by Heaven knows how many more.

In both cases, every reader will be afraid the keynoter has said something. Every reader will search with a microscope for an intruding idea for the purpose of cutting out any such improper and unconventional element, rendering it meaningless with qualifications, balancing it with its opposite.

After the keynote speech has thus been made perfectly innocuous, it is

ready for the keynoter and the great day arrives. The important words for the keynoter to remember are not those which he has written himself, of which a few survive, but those which the high editorial counsel has substituted.

When Senator Fess wrote his speech for the 1928 Republican convention he was mindful of the delicate situation in the Republican party. Mr. Hoover had the delegates, but a stampede for Coolidge was feared. Mr. Fess knew the power of his own oratory—none better—and so, to avoid occasioning the stampede to Coolidge, he was abstemious in the praise he bestowed upon Calvin.

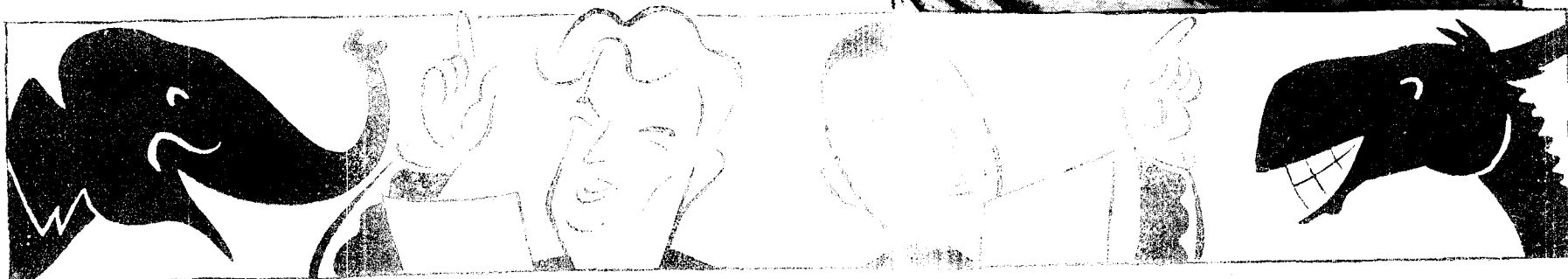
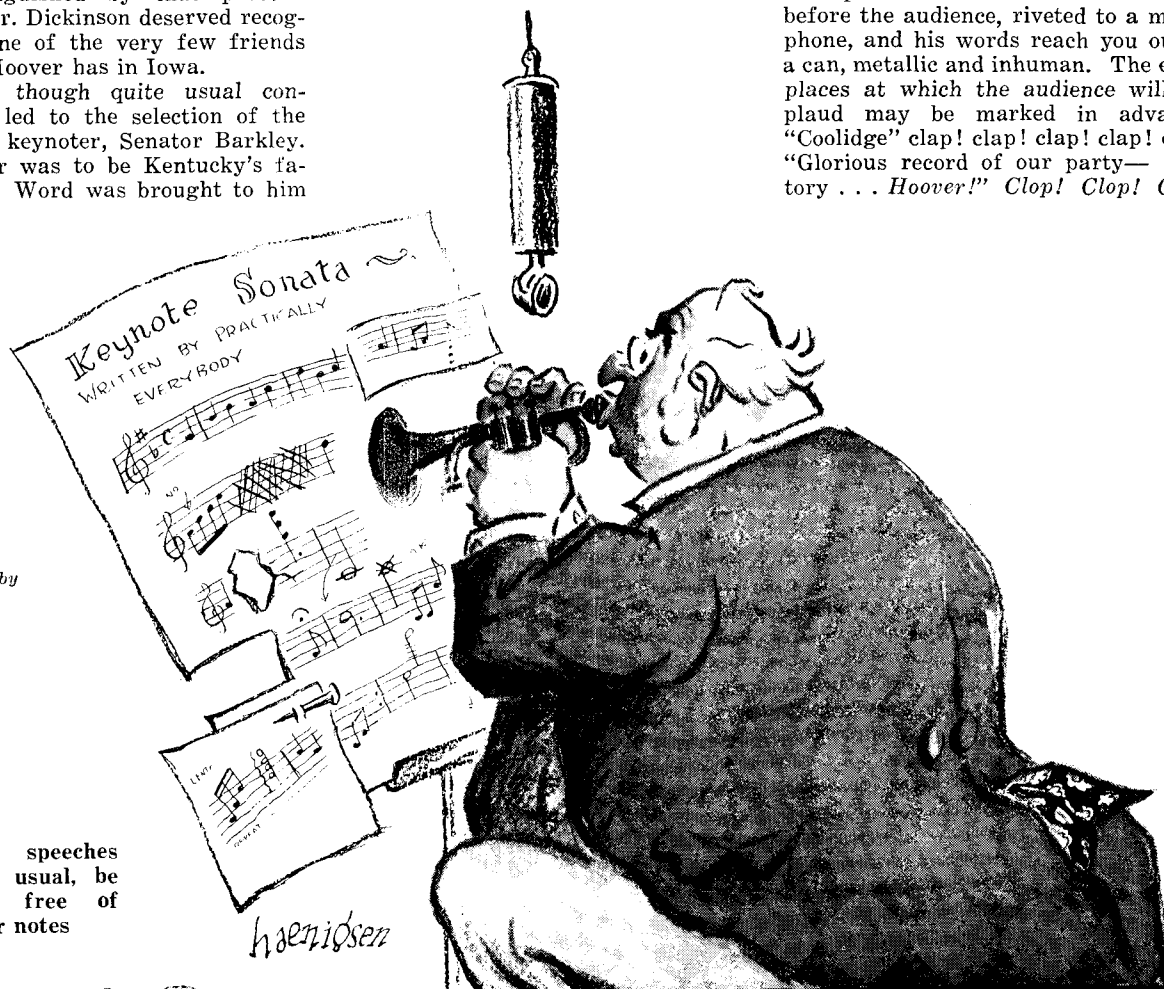
Mr. Fess Takes No Chances

The speech went to the White House and was read by Coolidge. He found the laudation of himself by Mr. Fess inadequate. So he wrote a long paragraph praising himself to the skies and inserted it in the keynote speech. Mr. Fess committed his speech to memory and spoke it from memory. But he did not trust his memory when he came to the paragraph lauding Coolidge. Those words handed down from Mount Sinai he read carefully from a slip of paper he had in his hands. If the convention had then got up on its hind legs and yelled irresistibly for Coolidge, Mr. Fess would have had his alibi.

Except in such a moment as this the keynoter is hardly human. He is a party robot. He is entirely mechanized. His speech is not his own. He stands before the audience, riveted to a microphone, and his words reach you out of a can, metallic and inhuman. The exact places at which the audience will applaud may be marked in advance: "Coolidge" clap! clap! clap! clap! "Glorious record of our party—Victory . . . Hoover!" Clap! Clap! Clap!

Illustrated by
Harry
Haenigsen

Keynote speeches
will, as usual, be
entirely free of
sour notes





Illustrated by
John Richard
Flanagan

Then the lid was raised and we saw those precious relics of the Masked Prophet

The Mask of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

The Story Thus Far:

SI-FAN, a mighty secret organization, is planning a world-wide revolution. The plotters in order to be successful must gain possession of certain "sacred" relics of El Mokanna, the long dead "Veiled Prophet of Khorassan."

Sir Lionel Barton, noted Orientalist, has the relics. Although one of his associates is murdered while guarding them, he resolves to hold them at any cost. With the members of his party (Sir Denis Nayland Smith, a brilliant detective; Shan Greville, who tells the story, and his lovely fiancée, Rima Barton, Sir Lionel's niece) he goes to Cairo. Weird adventures follow. . . . Greville encounters a woman wearing a golden half-mask. He recognizes her at once—he has met her many times; she loves him: Fah Lo Suee, daughter of Si-Fan's mysterious leader, the sinister Dr. Fu Manchou!

Acting on impulse, he trails the woman—and is drugged. A mental black-out follows. When he comes to, he is in the presence of Fah Lo Suee's mighty father.

Fu Manchou forces him to take another drug; after which, as in a dream, Greville, his will power utterly gone, obeying the monster without question, hands Rima over to him! Then, released, he returns to his hotel. There he learns that his friends are searching frantically for Rima; and there—in one of his pockets—he finds a letter. It is from Fah Lo Suee. In it is a tablet, which the woman urges him to take. . . .

Greville's memory of his adventures is hazy. He is certain, though, that at various times he has heard this sentence spoken: "He will be crowned in Damascus." To this Nayland Smith attaches tremendous importance. He will not, however, state why. Instead, he discusses Rima's plight. She is, he says, being held for ransom—the ransom being Sir Lionel's precious relics. "Who brought the news?" Greville asks.

Dr. Petrie, Sir Lionel's closest friend, is present. He gives Greville a queer look. "The messenger," he whispers mysteriously, "is now waiting—in Barton's room."

VII

LEAVE this to me, Barton," Nayland Smith said sharply. "If you interfere in any way I won't be answerable for the consequences."

Sir Lionel clenched his fists and glared at our visitor; then, crossing, he stood with his back to us, looking out of the window. He was disheveled, unshaven, wrapped in his dilapidated old dressing-gown and in a mood as dangerous as any I had ever known.

Professional duties had compelled Dr. Petrie to leave, and so there were four of us in the long, pleasant room, with its two windows overlooking the garden. I was little better groomed than the chief, for I had been fast asleep five minutes before, thanks to Petrie's ministrations. But Sir Denis, although his gray suit had seen much wear, looked normally spruce.

I stared with murderous disfavor at a man seated in an armchair over by the writing table.

Heavily built, he wore the ordinary morning dress of a business man, and indeed was of a type which one may meet with in any of the capitals of the world. His face, inclined to be fat, was of a dead-white color. Thick iron-gray hair was cut close to his skull and he had a jet black mustache. I hated his dark, restless eyes.

"This is Mr.—er—Aden," Nayland Smith continued, "and as the business upon which he has come interests you

personally, Greville, I thought you should be present."

Mr. Aden bowed and smiled. My detestation grew by leaps and bounds.

"MR. ADEN is a solicitor practicing in Cairo. By the way—" suddenly turning to our visitor—"I believe I met your brother some years ago."

"That is not possible," said the Greek; and his oily voice did nothing to redeem his character in my eyes.

"No?" Sir Denis queried rapidly. "Not a Mr. Samarkan, one-time manager of the New Louvre Hotel in London? But surely?"

Mr. Aden visibly started, but endeavored to conceal the fact with an artificial cough and a swiftly upraised hand.

"You are mistaken, Sir Denis," he declared, suavely, "not possibly in the resemblance, but certainly in the relationship. I never heard of Mr. Samarkan."

"Indeed!" snapped Nayland Smith, and turned aside. "Let it pass, then. Briefly, Greville, the position is this: Mr.—er—Aden, here, in the ordinary way of his professional duties. . . ."

"Damned nonsense!" shouted the chief, stamping one slippered foot upon the floor, but not turning around. "He's one of the gang, and an impudent liar!"

"Barton!" Nayland Smith interjected angrily, "I have requested you to leave this matter to me. If you in-

sist upon interrupting, I shall order you to go."

"Order be damned!"

"I have the necessary authority."

Some few moments of ominous silence followed, during which Nayland Smith stood staring at the broad back of Sir Lionel. The latter remained silent, and:

"Very well," Sir Denis went on. "As I was explaining, Greville, Mr.—er—the name persistently escapes me. . . ."

"Adrian Aden," our visitor prompted smoothly.

"Yes. Mr. Aden has been instructed by one of his clients to approach Barton professionally."

"The situation is difficult," Mr. Aden explained, extending a fat white hand. "But what could I do? I act for great interests in Egypt. I cannot afford to offend."

"Ah!" shouted the chief, "truth at last! I admit you're not the man to offend Dr. Fu Manchou."

"DR. FU MANCHU?" Mr. Aden murmured. "That name also is unfamiliar to me."

Nayland Smith glanced in Barton's direction, snapped his fingers irritably, and:

"The name of your client it is unnecessary to discuss at the moment," he said. "But I gather your instructions to be these: A body of religious fanatics has abducted Miss Rima Barton. Your client has learned that she will be returned unharmed if the demands of these religious fanatics are complied with?"

"Ah!" beamed Mr. Aden, "but this

is common sense, Sir Denis. How perfectly you understand my position."

"If you understood it," growled the chief, "you would know that you might be kicked through the window at any moment."

"This is the lowest and foulest kind of blackmail," I broke in savagely. "If you are what you claim to be, a solicitor, you deserve to be struck off the rolls."

"REALLY, Greville," said Nayland Smith, "you are unduly hard upon Mr. Aden. I have no doubt that he has undertaken infinitely more delicate cases."

Mr. Aden shot a quick glance at the speaker, but either missed the point or professed to do so.

"You speak hastily, Mr. Greville," he replied. "I act for those who would help you."

"His client, you see, Greville," Nayland Smith continued dryly, "seems to know all that goes on in the Near East. He deeply deplores the outrage which has been committed—I understood you to say so, Mr. Aden—"

"Oh, but completely!"

"And he suggests a means by which Miss Barton's release may be secured. In fact, the exact terms are mentioned, I believe?"

"But certainly! But certainly!" the Greek assured him. "They claim, these religious people, that Sir Lionel Barton has stolen property which belongs to them."

To my intense surprise, the chief did not speak, did not move.

"They say also, my client informs me, that if this property is returned the missing lady will also be returned."

"Quite reasonable," Sir Denis murmured. "Have you details of the property which they claim has been stolen?"

"I have them here."

Mr. Aden opened a portfolio lying beside him on the floor and extracted a sheet of paper.

"A SWORD or scimitar of Damascus steel inlaid with gold, having a curved double-edged blade and the hilt incrusting with emeralds, rubies and pearls..."

He slipped on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, the better to read, and continued:

"A mask of thin gold finely engraved; and fifteen thin gold plates, sixteen inches long by twelve inches wide, bearing the text of the New Korân of El Mokanna."

He ceased speaking, and peered up at us questioningly. As he did so Sir Lionel turned. And before Nayland Smith could check him:

"Suppose I admitted that I had these things in my possession," he said, glaring down upon the white-faced Greek. "What would you do?"

"I should believe you."

"Thanks. But how much better off would Rima be?"

"Barton," said Nayland Smith, "absolutely for the last time—will you either shut up or get out!"

The chief plunged his hands into the pockets of his dressing-gown, glared down at the Greek again and glared at Sir Denis. Then, walking across to a settee, he threw himself upon it, stamping his feet on the floor.

"We will assume," Nayland Smith continued, "that the ob-

jects you enumerate are actually in Sir Lionel's possession. What next?"

"I understand that those who have her in charge will give up Miss Barton in exchange for these relics."

"Under what conditions?"

I was positively boiling over and hot words leaped to my tongue; but Sir Denis stared me down.

"You will bring those things which I have specified to an appointed place," Mr. Aden replied, "and there you will meet Miss Rima Barton."

"Sounds like an ambush," Nayland Smith snapped.

The Greek shrugged his fat shoulders.

"I should be glad to communicate any other suggestion you might care to make. But first—my instructions on this point are explicit—" he turned with unconcealed nervousness to Sir Lionel: "I must see these items, please," he held up the sheet of paper, "and notify my client that all is correct."

"Don't speak, Barton," said Nayland Smith. "The suitcase is under the settee, just by your feet. Haul it out, unstrap it, unlock it and comply with Mr. Aden's request."

The chief's face grew positively purple as he angrily sustained the fixed stare of Sir Denis.

"Neither Greville nor I can understand your hesitation," the latter added. "Nothing else counts while Rima is in

the hands of... Mr. Aden's client."

At those words Sir Lionel's furious glare was transferred to Mr. Aden, upon whose white forehead I could see beads of perspiration. Then he stooped, hauled forth the heavy suitcase and placed it on the small table at the Greek's elbow.

Then the lid was raised and we saw those priceless relics of the Masked Prophet, the possession of which had brought about such disaster and, in its consequences, driven me to the verge of madness.

WE SAT on the terrace in a corner near the entrance to the American Bar. It was getting on towards lunch time and this was a fairly busy season in Cairo. I had seen several people I knew, but had deliberately avoided them. Now I faced Sir Lionel across the cane-topped table, and:

"There's one thing I can't stand, Greville," he said, "and that's being ordered about! Latterly I've had too much of it—altogether too much of it." He brought his fist down on the table with a bang. "But we shall see who scores in the end. As for that slimy swine Aden, he's no more a solicitor than I'm a barber."

"Wrong again, Barton," came quietly and, glancing up, I saw that Nayland Smith had just come out through the doors behind us.

"I'm apparently always wrong," growled the chief.

"Not always," said Sir Denis, drawing up a chair. "But it happens that the Mr. Samarkan whom I mentioned an hour ago—you remember him, of course?"

"MY MEMORY isn't failing me, Smith! He died in England, in those damned caves—near my own place. Of course I remember him! Thanks to you, the sticky business was hushed up!"

"Ah!" murmured Nayland Smith, and his stern face suddenly broke into a smile.

That smile rather cleared the air.

"You know, Barton," he went on, "although you're the last man to admit it, you've been behaving like a sick cow ever since Rima disappeared. I understand your feelings, but I don't understand why you should vent them on your friends. However (it was Petrie who gave me the clue), the record of Mr. Samarkan—one-time manager of a hotel no great distance from this, and later of the New Louvre in London—is filed at Scotland Yard. Therefore I happen to know that he had a brother. I know that his brother changed his name by deed poll and took out naturalization papers."

He paused, staring hard at Sir Lionel. "I saw the resemblance, of course," the chief admitted, "but..."

"So did I," Nayland Smith went on. "But it was Petrie who placed him. I have just been checking up on the gentleman. He has a legal practice in Cairo, as he stated. But it's of a very shady character."

"So I imagine," I interjected.

"In short, there's no doubt whatever that his main source of revenue is the affairs of the Si-Fan. He's one of their spies, and an agent of Dr. Fu Manchu, as his brother was before him."

SIMPLY eaten up with impatience and anxiety, I could scarcely contain myself during this conversation. And as Sir Denis paused again:

"This doesn't help me in the least to understand," I said, "why you let the brute slip!"

"Same here," growled the chief. "Personally, I should have thrown him out of the window."

Sir Denis lay back in his chair, giving an order to a waiter who had just come up; and, as the man went away:

"Your primitive tactics, Barton," he remarked coldly, "would probably result in the total disappearance of Rima. If that's what you are after—take charge."

"But—" the chief began...

"There's no 'but'!" snapped Nayland Smith impatiently. "We have absolutely no clue to Rima's whereabouts. Greville, here, has been doped—his brain on that point is useless. The man you wanted to throw out of the window probably knows no more than we know. But he's a link—a link which you would have snapped!"

He paused so suddenly, staring obliquely across the street at a high window, that automatically I turned and looked in the same direction. And as I looked I saw what he had seen.

(Continued on page 32)



Nayland Smith spoke in a whisper. "Listen! Listen, Greville! Do you hear it?"



MAMIE: Gee, you look sweet this morning. Had another facial?

MADGE: Nope. I'm eating Post's Bran Flakes for breakfast these days.

NOWADAYS no one needs to be told that irregularity — faulty elimination, to speak frankly, commonly caused by lack of proper bulk foods—can make one feel, *and look*, out of kilter. Oftentimes this widespread trouble may even lead to serious and expensive ailments.

That is why so many people are eating Post's Bran Flakes every day. It helps to keep them *regular* because it provides

the needed bulk lacking in so many modern diets. In these flakes you get the helpful elements of whole wheat: iron, phosphorus, vitamin B, and the stimulating outer coat of the grain—an easy, natural regulator.

Crisp-toasted and nut-brown, Post's Bran Flakes is a delicious breakfast treat with cream or milk. Try it for two weeks, every morning—and see if you don't notice a marked improvement.



Cases of constipation, due to too little bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes if eaten regularly each day. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

A Product of General Foods Corporation

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

Fighting Fool

Jack Sharkey already holds one world championship—he has had more failures and comebacks than any other fighter. And Mr. Rice believes that Jack has an even chance to take away Max Schmeling's title, providing, of course, Sharkey tempers his temperament

By Grantland Rice

THERE is always a riddle of some sort hooked to a heavyweight championship. The riddle in this next heavyweight show will be Jack Sharkey—not Max Schmeling.

Sharkey, without any doubt, has been the greatest riddle in the fight game. No other fighter in ring history has had as many chances to reach the top, only to throw all of them overboard. There have been occasions when Sharkey appeared to be one of the great heavyweights of the game. But, as a rule, when the big moment arrived he blew up with a crash.

His defeats and his setbacks, largely the result of a highly emotional and explosive temperament, are now old stories in ring lore. And yet, after each defeat or each explosion, Sharkey has continued to step out in front of the challenging parade with the old ballyhoo sounding louder than ever. He has put forward a peculiar, emotional personality that keeps his name in the headlines.

Napoleon traveled from Austerlitz to Waterloo. There was always the promise that Sharkey, some day, would move from Waterloo to Austerlitz. He has taken Waterloo in his stride for about four years.

Even Sharkey's most rabid haters must grant him one well-earned tribute. Most men have climbed upward on the ladder of success. Sharkey has mounted upon one failure after another, and that is a unique record in a world that demands results and achievement.

A Surprise for Stribling

The contrast between Sharkey and Schmeling is striking. There is no riddle, no mystery, no guessing about Max Schmeling. Here is a cool, serene young man who maps out his program and then sticks to it. Always a fairly slow starter, he rarely gets going until after four or five rounds, and then he begins to increase his pace.

Schmeling has always contended that in the Sharkey fight he was hit low before he had a chance to get under way, and his program for the Stribling fight seems to have proved this statement. Stribling appeared to be winning even when he was taking a hard body beating. It was not a spectacular brand of beating, but the sort that was wearing him down rapidly after the seventh and eighth rounds.

Stribling had no idea Max could punch with such power at close range. Those short body jabs made no great impression on the Cleveland crowd, but there were times when Stribling thought the German champion was using a knife.



International News

The third round of the Sharkey-Schmeling fight in June, 1930

You often hear about short, effective punches, but few have this knack. Max Schmeling has. He can get terrific leverage in a punch that travels only eight or ten inches.

Schmeling also has improved his defense. He seemed bewildered at times against Sharkey's attack, but there was another story to tell in the Stribling engagement, both in regard to head and body protection. While Sharkey always has been highly emotional, Schmeling's concentration is unruffled. His mind is on one fixed goal until the objective has been reached.

Schmeling has not suffered a defeat in three years. Against this, Sharkey can look back to rather sour results in his battles with Dempsey, Heeney, Risko, Christner, Scott and Mickey Walker, the latter little more than a middleweight. Most of these debacles were due to lack of headwork in crucial spots or to a listless mental attitude. One result may not be conclusive, but a number of results can't be overlooked.

On the physical side there is little to choose. Sharkey, at his best, is the better and more experienced boxer. Both are good punchers, but while Sharkey has a better left hand, Schmeling is a harder right-hand hitter. There isn't enough difference in speed or strength to call for any comment. If their mental attitudes were on a par, it would be a toss-up. But it is here that Schmeling has the edge.

Round One: Sharkey vs. Sharkey

Sharkey has been thinking and dreaming of this return chance against Schmeling for two years. He still carries a vivid picture of that night two summers ago, when Schmeling, the winner, lay writhing on the floor in the fourth round. He still recalls the ease with which he smacked the German around in the third. Few who were at ringside will ever forget his hopeless expression as Schmeling was given the verdict, carrying with it the heavyweight crown.

The Boston entry has been nursing a grudge ever since. He feels complete confidence in his ability to win by a knock-out or a decision. But it will be interesting to see what that grudge feeling will lead to in the early rounds. If Sharkey has mapped out any campaign he may change it all when he sees the German moving in at close range, looking for a body opening.

Whether Sharkey can control his rage and his resentment after a rough mix-up is doubtful. Experience in this respect doesn't seem to teach him much. Of course, there is always the chance that the fury of such an attack might overwhelm the slow-starting Schmeling before he hits his stride. But this is an outside gamble.

Here is another important factor in this next Sharkey-Schmeling fight: When they met before, more than 75,000 spectators paid out some \$750,000 to see a farce. A dollar today means a good bit more than it meant two years ago. If another irregular incident decides the result, the aftermath will be more than a squawk from the fans. They want to see a fight, not a melodrama or a farce.

Summing up, there is only one deduction to be made from the past performance charts. Sharkey, at his best, refraining from any inclination to blow apart, should have an even chance. But it is not an even bet that Sharkey will keep his mental poise with so much at stake. Old mental attitudes are not easy to control in the heat of battle.

This is the barrier that Sharkey must face. It is the tallest hurdle he will have to take. It is the factor that makes Schmeling the more logical choice in any advance pick.



Look! It's paintless

SPALDING'S NEW BALL FOR LOW-HANDICAP GOLFERS—THE TOP-FLITE

THIS year, Spalding presents to low-handicap golfers the new Spalding Top-Flite—the mightiest golf ball ever to come from the Spalding laboratories.

It is an even greater ball than the famous Spalding which it replaces. It offers a feature which places it nearer to absolute perfection than any golf ball has ever been before. It offers the new Spalding Paintless Cover!

Yes, the cover itself is white. It is white, not only on the surface, but right through to the winding. And it makes possible, in the Top-Flite, the only ball that is as perfect as the mold from which it comes! This is important, and this is why . . .

A golf-ball mold, as designed by Spalding, is a marvel of scientific precision. It gives to a ball a

marking that's designed, down to the ten-thousandth of an inch, to carry that ball the greatest possible distance in the straightest possible line. Can marking affect distance and accuracy? Definitely, yes. Just as the rifling in a gun barrel can affect the flight of a bullet.

Therefore, adding paint to such a marking is gilding the lily—it is tampering with perfection. Even the most accurate paint-spraying machines are likely to cause microscopic variances. And, lest this sound too much like making a mountain out of a mole-hill, you should know that a variance of 1/1000 of an inch can cause a difference of 3 to 5 yards in distance or in direction!

Low-handicap golfers will welcome the

Top-Flite as a real contribution to their game.

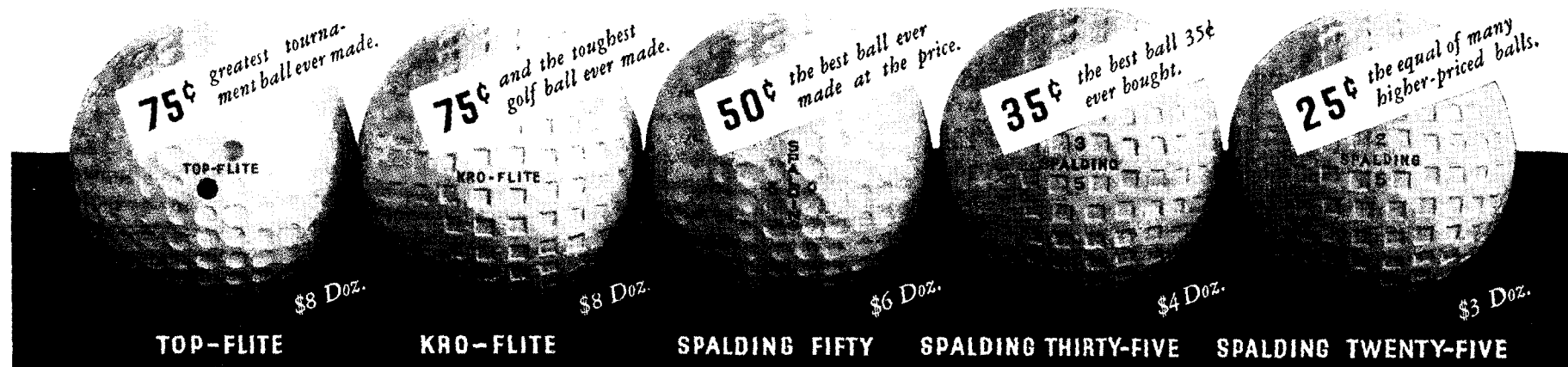
*Kro-Flite the ideal ball
for the average golfer*

Just as the Top-Flite is ideal for the low-handicap golfer, so is the Kro-Flite ideal for the average golfer. Kro-Flite, in the new specifications, is the toughest ball made.

It is almost impossible to cut it. Yet despite its amazing toughness it will sail out with the longest of them. If golf is a part-time pastime with you . . . if your game is that of most golfers . . . play the Kro-Flite. It is the only ball in the world that combines first-grade distance with maximum durability. There's no ball as tough . . . there are few balls as long.

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• • THIS YEAR SPALDING OFFERS A BALL IN EVERY PRICE CLASS • •





"—and I happen to know that I can bid two Diamonds after Mrs. Wifflebaum bids two Hearts—mine is an informatory bid"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge in a Nutshell

North		East	
S.	10-5-3-2	S.	Q-J-8-6
H.	9-3	H.	K-10-8-6-5-2
D.	Q-9-5-4	D.	8-2
C.	Q-8-4	C.	J
West		South (Dealer)	
S.	A-K-9-7	S.	4
H.	A-4	H.	Q-J-7
D.	7-3	D.	A-K-J-10-6
C.	K-9-6-5-2	C.	A-10-7-3

THE above tournament hand was given in last week's Collier's. South has a No Trump count of 16, but in view of the worthless singleton it would be extremely unsound for him to start with a No Trump bid. The five-card Diamond suit headed by four honors and supported by helpful Hearts and Clubs affords a bid both safe and informatory. So all the Souths opened with a Diamond bid; some, because of their four high-card tricks plus two low-card tricks, called two Diamonds, but the majority bid one Diamond. In this case the size of the initial bid was immaterial because West did not pass. Some Wests doubled, some bid one or two Spades and others bid two or three Clubs.

At the tables at which West bid one or two Spades, that suit was assisted by East; when West doubled most of the Easts jumped to more than the number of Hearts necessary for a simple overcall, and at some tables this resulted in a Heart contract. When West bid Clubs, East overcalled in Hearts. At every table the final bid was either a game contract in Spades played by West, or a game contract in Hearts played by East; and all but one Declarer found that he had bid for more than he was able to make.

At the one table where game was made, the bidding was as follows: One Diamond by South, doubled by West, passed by North, and the double answered by East with one Heart, over which West bid one Spade; North again passed, East called three Spades, and West made the game-bid of four. The West hand at this table was held by Mr. Sidney Fink of Cleveland. Mr. Fink managed it as follows:

North and South started by taking home two Diamonds and the Ace of Clubs, making it necessary for the Declarer to capture every remaining trick to go game. When East dropped the Jack of Clubs on South's Ace, South shifted and led his singleton trump which West won with the Ace. At trick 5 a second round of Spades followed and this trick was taken by East's Jack, West being careful to lead the

Nine (not the Seven) of Spades so as to create as many entries in the East hand as possible—and for another reason which will appear later. When South discarded on trick 5, the cat was out of the bag. Declarer realized that North was as long in trumps as either East or West. Consequently, he shifted from the trump suit, and dummy (East) led a small Heart to trick 6, the Heart Ace being played by West.

East's King took the second Heart trick; and on the third Heart round (trick 8) which cleared the Heart suit for East (dummy), Mr. Fink had the opportunity to bring into existence a play very similar to the somewhat rare and not generally understood "Pitt Coup." This coup was first heard of in 1855 when a French writer described a hand of Whist in which Pitt and Burke participated. On the tenth trick, with Hearts trumps, the cards were held as follows:

North		East	
H.	8-6	S.	K-Q
C.	K-2	H.	5-3
West		South	
S.	8-7	H.	A-2
H.	7-4	C.	7-6

West led the Eight of Spades, North (Burke) discarded a Club, and South (Pitt) trumped with the Ace and led the Deuce of Hearts, giving his partner the remaining tricks. Ever since then, in Whist and Bridge, ruffing with a high card in order to make sure of leading through a minor trump tenace up to a major tenace in partner's hand has been known as the Pitt Coup.

Coming back to the present century, Mr. Fink ruffed trick 8 with the King of Spades and was able to revive the Pitt strategy because of his play of the Nine of Spades on trick 5. The Declarer had foreseen what might happen, so at trick 9 West led the Seven of Spades and East held the Queen-Eight over North's Ten-Five. One more round of Spades drew all the adverse trumps and left East with three Heart spot-cards—all of them as good as gold.

The Next Hand

North		East	
S.	Q-7-4	S.	3-2
H.	6-5-3-2	H.	Q-10-9
D.	8-4-3	D.	J-10-9-7
C.	7-6-3	C.	9-8-5-2
West		South (Dealer)	
S.	K-J-10	S.	A-9-8-6-5
H.	A-K-J	H.	8-7-4
D.	K-Q-5-2	D.	A-6
C.	A-K-10	C.	Q-J-4

Oh, Promise Me

Continued from page 13

Mr. Julian Pugsley called upon his lawyer three weeks later and, gloomy as was his errand, he stared in astonishment at what he saw.

"What's this?" he wanted to know. "You turned freshman?"

Mr. Wemple flushed. "If you are referring to the fact that I happen to be wearing a necktie with a touch of color in it—"

"Touch is right. And where's the pepper-and-salt suit?"

Mr. Wemple ignored the question. He built a bony cathedral and then wrecked it. "I—I don't suppose you came up here during market hours just to admire my haberdashery, did you?"

Mr. Julian Pugsley lost his astonishment in the cold thought of marching events. He slumped down into a convenient chair.

"Henry," he said finally, "I'm in a heck of a mess."

"Again?"

His client ignored the sarcasm.

"Still. Again. Yet."

"Well?"

MR. PUGSLEY lit a cigarette and then threw it away. "It's this darned market," he said finally. "I'm about ready for the cleaners unless—"

Mr. Wemple braced himself. He knew what was coming.

"Unless what?" he asked levelly.

"—Unless I can get twenty-five thousand dollars. Though I'm cleaned out personally, the business is in good shape. But you know how it is in the security business. The grapevine telegraph never quits ticking. A message reached Park Avenue yesterday afternoon. Agatha gave me the gate last night. Nice about it, but firm."

"I'm sorry," murmured his lawyer.

Mr. Pugsley put his handkerchief away. "That part don't worry me so much. In—in fact I feel sort of glad about it. Somehow it—it reminds me of the way I used to feel when I was a kid and was let out of school for the summer vacation. Still it doesn't help your morale any to have your friends desert you."

Mr. Wemple tried to turn the conversation into channels which had nothing to do with friendship and the obligations of the past.

"About Claire—er-r—Miss d'Aubray," he suggested. "I have met with her—er-r—several times."

Mr. Pugsley sighed.

Somehow the sigh annoyed Mr. Wemple.

"You—of course, you can't afford to buy those letters now," he went on.

"Damn the letters!" shouted the client. "Let her keep them. There was a real kid—I'll bet she wouldn't have held out my hat and asked me what my hurry was just because she heard I had lost some more money. But I've got more important things than women on my mind. Now listen."

Mr. Wemple braced himself again.

"Ten years ago when you were getting started I loaned you thirty-five thousand dollars. You were up to your ears in real estate and I pulled you out and Cort & Wemple made a lot of money. You've grown since then. Taken in new partners. Made more money. Now I need help. Do I get it?"

Mr. Wemple built himself a new cathedral and expanded on the subject of The Impending Uncertainty. He broke the edifice down and developed at great length the solemn resolve of the present partners neither to borrow nor to loan under any circumstances whatever. Erecting still another bony build-

ing he spoke feelingly of his deep sense of obligation to Julian Pugsley and his fervid desire to be of assistance under other circumstances—in short—

But his client halted him by standing up, his round, red face almost literally dripping with contempt.

"You cold-blooded swine!" he said slowly. "You gray-faced, smug ingrate! Why don't you come right out and say you won't let me have the money? Why go round and round with your verbal embroidery?"

Mr. Wemple arose and seized the opportunity. "See here!" he shouted, "you can't come in here and abuse me in that way. Whose fault is it that you need money? Have you ever thought of that? How many thousands of dollars have you thrown away being a personage among—hum—the night clubs and the theaters? Why don't you go to some of the people there and try and get the money? Why don't you—"

But Mr. Pugsley had gone.

That evening Mr. Wemple retailed a carefully censored version of the interview to his supper guest. They were seated at the same little table for two, in a secluded corner of the Club Bretonne, where they had gone for the first evening's negotiations and where they had met more or less regularly since.

Mr. Wemple told it as a good illustration of what often happens to men who burn the candle of life at both ends. He laughed. So did Miss d'Aubray. In fact, the thin stem of her water glass snapped in the middle of the joke.

"So—so Puggy is broke," she said absently, after a waiter had laid a fresh cloth. Then, noting the slight frown her tone had evoked, she laughed again. "The poor simp!" she concluded hastily. "I knew it was coming."

Mr. Henry Wemple nodded, his brow clear.

"Imagine a man trying to borrow twenty-five thousand dollars from me in times like these. He must be crazy. No wonder Mrs. Sharp turned him out."

Miss d'Aubray kept her eyes on the cloth.

"I'm glad she did," she said after a moment.

Mr. Wemple reached over and covered the moving fingers. He pressed them gently. "Now—now we won't have a client to bother about," he whispered.

THE cold, speculative stare died out of the violet eyes as Miss d'Aubray raised her head, and the warm melting lights which focussed themselves on Mr. Wemple were sad—distinctly sad.

"Now—now you won't have to act any more, will you?"

"What do you mean?"

Miss d'Aubray laughed. Not right merrily as she had when her dinner companion had told her of the troubles of her erstwhile victim, but after the manner of the melting lights.

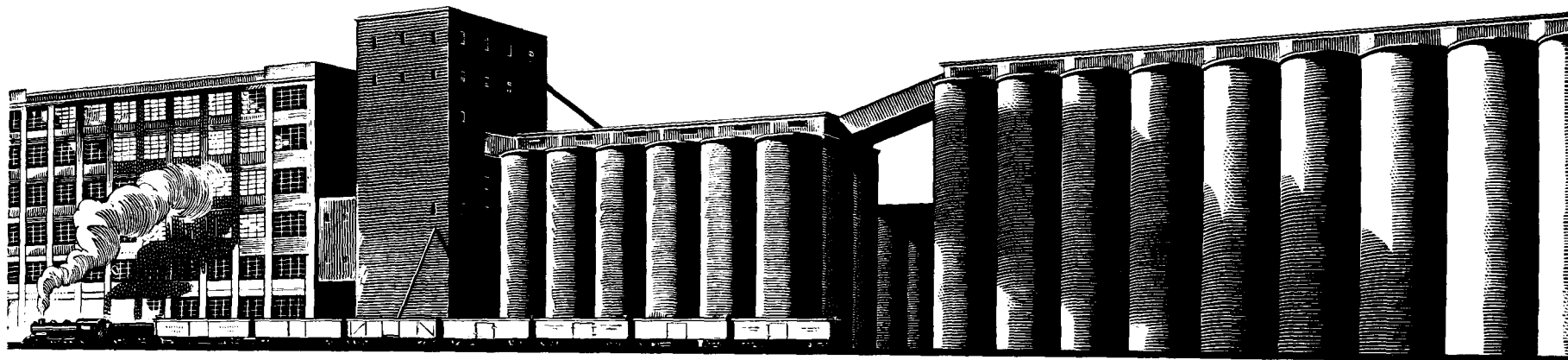
"You haven't fooled me for a moment," she said slowly. "This has all been part of a game to you. Part of the business of getting—Puggy's letters."

Mr. Wemple protested the charge, a tinge of color in his gray face.

"At first perhaps," he conceded, "but—but the more I saw of you the more I was convinced that you acted from—er-r—honorable motives. That the—the end justified the means, so to speak." Then he patted the white hand toying with the fork across the table.

It was still a very soft, very warm little hand, but somehow it did not re-

(Continued on page 30)



SPEED

OF COMMUNICATION

RULES IN THE MILLING INDUSTRY



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Distance Telephone and Private Line
Teletypewriter Service so extensively**



"QUICK communication between head offices, branch offices and the trade is perhaps the most important thing in the industry," says a leading miller. The widespread use of Long Distance and private line Teletypewriter Service is evidence of their great value.

The secretary of a large milling company says: "We are heavy users of Long Distance in all departments . . . in the buying of grain, the selling of our products, and in executive and promotional work." Another executive declares: "I think it safe to say that between 65 and 75 per cent of all of our sales are made over the telephone." Still a third says: "Telephone service simplifies all merchandising operations, because it places our branch office managers, salesmen and customers on the same footing as though they were located just a few blocks up the street."

Three milling companies control the operations of their

mills, elevators and branch offices by connecting strategic points with private line Teletypewriter Service—*typing by wire*. General Mills, Inc., links offices in Minneapolis, Chicago, Kansas City, Wichita Falls, Wichita, Oklahoma City, Buffalo, and New York. Pillsbury Flour Mills Company connects its offices in Minneapolis, Buffalo, and New York. Commander Larabee Corporation connects Minneapolis, Kansas City and North Kansas City.

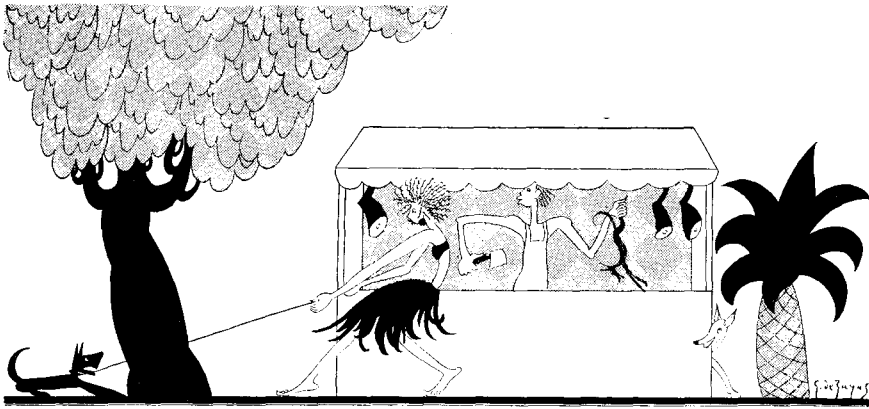
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TELEPHONE BUSINESS OFFICE



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A *strange* sight is the dog-meat market in the public square of Harang-gual, Sumatra, where once a week the dusky housewives from miles around come to purchase their supply of spaniel steaks and collie cutlets. —By Hendrik de Leeuw, New York City.

An English steel company recently paid a record price for the delivery of a single piece of building equipment—a 68-foot 98-ton girder. The bill, which included a 238-mile freight charge and the cost of a specially built 30-wheeled truck to carry the beam through London, amounted to \$98,000.

India today has princes who own private railroads to carry them around their estates and other classes who are so low in caste that they are not permitted to ride on anything—public train, bullock cart, horse or even an ass.

One of the strangest sights in the world is on a mountain top of Luzon, Philippine Islands. Fully clothed and sitting in groups of from 10 to 25 each, there are hundreds of bodies of Igorots which have been mummified by the hot, dry air—their method of burial. It resembles a vast picnic.

In the United States today there are about 28,000 private short-wave radio stations whose amateur owners regularly communicate—in either voice or code—not only with each other but with thousands of similar stations throughout the world. —By "W7BCV," Walla Walla, Wash.

More than a third of all the Federal and state prisons in the United States today were built before the Civil War. —By E. Orpen, Montreal, Canada.

Aluminum now is made in various colors; a new wall paper, with electric wires in it, warms as well as decorates a room; and a new process sprays liquid metal on cloth, wood, masonry and other metals.



At the festivals of Syria, the grand finale is a famous dance—depicting the various stages of Life—which is accompanied by much fanfare and music. It is done by a man dressed like a woman, and the entire performance takes place on the back of a camel.

Probably the only cavern in the world in which music is produced by the wind is Fingal's Cave on Staffa Island, one of the Hebrides, off Scotland. It was during a visit there that Mendelssohn was inspired to compose his famous overture, The Hebrides.

The Basque Museum in Bayonne, France, possesses today what is considered to be the most remarkable clock ever invented. With only one face, it tells the time in every country on earth.

Snow is not always white. Red, yellow, blue, and green snow falls in various parts of the world. —By Clifford Jackson, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Skyscrapers are usually lighter in weight than the soil removed for their construction. For example, the buildings of Rockefeller Center now being erected in New York City will weigh about 400,000 tons less than the excavated material. —By F. W. Bangs, Newton, Massachusetts.

Buddhism teaches its 150,000,000 adherents that they will be reborn after death, the reincarnation being based on their behavior in this life. If they do not return as a human, animal or plant, they will find themselves in one of the 136 Buddhist hells where the minimum term is 10,000,000 years.

On many South Sea islands the natives still fear the ideas and customs of civilization. And one cannot blame them. When they adopt the white man's clothing, they very frequently develop a fatal case of tuberculosis, influenza or pneumonia.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by positive proof. Address: Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York City



Oh, Promise Me

Continued from page 28

spond to the benign tenderness of Mr. Pugsley's lawyer. It suggested a fragile, beautiful helplessness.

"You—you don't believe me?" it prompted Mr. Wemple to ask huskily.

The red lips twisted in a plaintive little smile that made Mr. Wemple gulp. "I—I must be going," they told him after a moment. "It has been awful nice to—know you—even if—if it was all just cold, calculating business."

"But it wasn't! I mean it was, but not after—"

The rest of Mr. Wemple's heated denial was never uttered. Miss d'Aubray stood up. Her violet eyes were swimming.

"Good-by," she whispered brokenly.

"You can't go like this," Mr. Wemple almost wailed.

But Miss d'Aubray was gone.

BACK in his rooms at the Clinton Club, Mr. Henry Wemple, still under the spell of the swimming violet eyes, dashed off a note:

"DARLING:

"Please, please believe me when I say that I know how you feel. Give me the opportunity to explain—after the theater tomorrow night. The Pugsley incident is closed forever. Can we not build a new and more beautiful friendship upon the ashes of that sordid beginning? You have no idea how much I want you to believe in me.

"Anxiously yours,

"HENRY."

The flow of it pleased Mr. Wemple. It reminded him of the days when he was a young lawyer and— He stopped there. Suddenly. "Lawyer" reminded him of the law. He re-read the letter from that standpoint and frowned. With a sigh he selected a fresh sheet of paper and began anew:

"DEAR CLAIRE:

"I am sorry you had to leave. There are so many things I feel you misunderstand in re the Pugsley matter. As a friend, with your best interests at heart, I hope I will have the opportunity of seeing you in the near future—perhaps tomorrow night—and explaining.

"Your friend,

"HENRY WEMPLE."

He studied both letters uncertainly. Then very carefully he tore the first one into tiny shreds and burned the pieces.

THE following afternoon an efficient secretary laid a large gray envelope on the desk of the senior partner of Cort, DeWitt, Landrey and Wemple and departed noiselessly. Hardly had the door closed on her than the gray-faced gentleman had devoured its brief content:

"DEAR MR. WEMPLE:

"In re the Pugsley matter:

"I understand your letter very clearly. You evidently wish to correct any false ideas I may have about your last words to me. There is nothing to clear up. I appreciate that you were just being nice to somebody that was no longer of use to you. You may be sure that the businesslike way you put the whole matter behind you was quite plain and unmistakable.

"Good-by,

"CLAIRE D'AUBRAY."

Mr. Wemple picked up the telephone receiver and then, as the office operator

answered, abruptly laid it down. A moment later he jammed a new pearl-gray hat down on his moist brow and hurried out of the office. Five minutes later he was talking from a pay telephone in the lobby of the building.

"Listen, Miss d'Aubray—Claire—darling," he said tensely, "I just received your letter. You don't understand. I—I didn't mean to be—to sound the way I did. I—I did mean those last words about your being the most beautiful—the most—"

"Please," the small voice at the other end protested, almost tearfully. "I understand. I—I don't want to talk about it any more. You're all alike. Just because you are older and—and more experienced—"

"What has age got to do with it?" Mr. Wemple broke in with a mastery born of the sudden knowledge that the girl was suffering because of him. "Do you think I am a Pugsley—by the way, I understand he can't hold out more than two or three weeks more—to treat you like a—a—"

"Like somebody that you have to call from a pay station and write to as if she was a new filing cabinet? Just a cheap little chorus girl that—that—" The words trailed off in a little sob.

The pathetic truth of the choked-up phrases sent Mr. Wemple's senses reeling. The heat of the closed booth covered his gray face with little icicles of sweat.

"L-listen, honey-girl," he whispered finally, "you're right. Absolutely right. I've been a brute. But it's all over now. I—I didn't know you really cared before. Now—"

MR. JULIAN PUGSLEY sat in his private office and studied the clock on the desk before him with somber feeling. It was two o'clock and the bank closed at three. One hour stood between Pugsley & Company and insolvency.

Mr. Pugsley turned his brooding eyes from the clock to the telephone wearily and then turned them back. The gardenia in his buttonhole shared his weariness. Finally he buried his face in the soft palms of his hands.

Some time later there was a noise somewhere in the direction of the door. Mr. Julian Pugsley dropped his hands and lifted his head slowly.

"Hello, Puggy."

Mr. Pugsley stared at her.

She came across the room to the desk, a smiling, careless vision in black and silver fox.

Mr. Pugsley still stared at her.

"I—I wanted to come sooner, but I couldn't make the grade. I hope it's not too late."

Mr. Pugsley struggled to his feet.

"T-too late for what?" he wanted to know.

Slowly Miss Claire d'Aubray opened her black-and-gold bag and removed a slip of paper.

"This," she said, and laid the slip of paper on the desk.

Mr. Pugsley found himself staring at a certified check for twenty-five thousand dollars!

"What—where—" he began uncertainly.

Miss d'Aubray perched herself airily on the top of the desk.

"Listen, Puggy," she asked finally, "did you ever try to teach a smart corporation lawyer the language of love? Well, it takes him longer to get from 'Dear Miss d'Aubray' to 'Dear Claire' to 'Darling Blessed Blossom' than it does for a cockeyed camel to find a needle in a haystack."

FASHION SWIMS IN A PERFECT FITTING JANTZEN



ZIP...»»»»from suit to trunks in 6 seconds

A SMART ATHLETIC SUIT, or sun trunks alone, that's the new Jantzen Topper! Zip—six seconds—and the transformation is made. A sensational suit—and so very practical! The suit is complete with belt and inside supporter—the upper combines the maximum of sun exposure with the characteristic perfect fitting qualities of a Jantzen. Here is new swimming freedom in a manner ruggedly masculine. See the new Jantzen Topper at your favorite shop or store. Jantzen quality is the highest and prices lowest in Jantzen history. • You'll find the famous Red Diving Girl emblem on the label of every genuine Jantzen. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; London, England; Sydney, Australia.



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Name _____ Address _____
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The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 24

"We'll let the
MEN
in on this



GLADLY!"

▼ What does a debutante think about? Here's one thing, according to a recent letter we received.

"At our bridge club last week, we girls were discussing a little bit of everything. Suddenly, one of the girls spoke up, 'You know something? That good looking friend of Mac's can never be a hero to me.'

"We know why,' we all agreed. 'And we can tell him and several of his brothers what to do about it. We'll gladly let them in on the secret of our success! Will you help us?'"

▼▼ Of course we will. You see it's this way, men. Nobody needs to have the slightest trace of underarm odor on his person and clothing.

A quick rub-on of Mum under each arm after your morning shower, and you're absolutely safe for the day. Isn't that worth the half minute it takes?

Mum is a deodorant cream and is instantly effective. It is harmless to skin and clothing. It doesn't interfere with natural perspiration—just destroys disagreeable body odor.

It's just what a man needs and wants . . . quick, easy and sure!

Take Mum traveling with you. It carries well—no spilling or scattering. You can get it at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



SO SOOTHING TO TIRED FEET! Here's another thing you'll like Mum for—for aching, burning, perspiring feet. It cools and soothes; destroys all traces of perspiration odor. Keeps hose and shoe-linings fresher.

From the window of a native house—for Shepherd's borders closely upon the Oriental city—a woman was leaning out, apparently watching us where we sat on the stoop. She withdrew from the window immediately, but as she did so I turned, and met a piercing glance from Sir Denis.

"Was I right, Greville?"

I nodded.

"I think so."

Even without his confirmation I should have been certain that Fah Lo Suee had been watching us from across the street!

I jumped up.

"Let's search the house!" I cried. "I know you have powers, Sir Denis!"

MY EXCITEMENT had attracted attention, and I suddenly realized with embarrassment that a number of people were looking at me.

"Sit down, Greville," was the quiet reply. "Your tactics are as bad as Barton's."

I dropped back in my chair and met his steady gaze—not, I believe, with too great an amiability.

"What the devil's all this about?" growled the chief. "I can't see anything."

"Outside your particular province," Nayland Smith returned, "you rarely do see anything. Petrie, with his stolid mentality, is worth both of you put together when it comes to grasping facts. If I hadn't been here last night, Barton, all Cairo would know now that Rima was missing."

"Why shouldn't all Cairo know?"

"Because it would result in her being smuggled away. If you can't see that, you can see nothing."

Nevertheless, I could not refrain from glancing up at that high window at which, I was assured, Fu Manchu's daughter had been stationed—watching us. And Nayland Smith suddenly detected this.

"For heaven's sake!" he snapped irritably, "pretend you didn't see her." He pulled out pouch and pipe and threw them down on the table. "I must smoke!"

As he began to load the cracked old brier:

"What I want to know—" Sir Lionel began.

"What you want to know," Sir Denis took him up, "is why I selected so strange a meeting place. If you'll be good enough not to interrupt me, I'll explain. Ah! here's Petrie."

I saw the doctor, who had just come up the steps, looking about in search of us, and, standing up, I waved my hand. He nodded and, threading his way among the tables, joined us.

"Sit down, Petrie," said Nayland Smith; "here's a chair. You will notice that, anticipating your arrival, I thoughtfully ordered a drink for you."

"Tell me, Smith," Petrie began eagerly, "have you come to terms? For God's sake, say that you have."

"I have, old man," Nayland Smith replied, laying his hand upon the speaker's arm and squeezing it reassuringly. "But neither Barton nor Greville seems to appreciate my purpose."

"Fah Lo Suee—" I began, glancing towards that window across the street.

"Greville!" snapped Sir Denis, "there will be plenty of time later; at the moment I wish to explain the position to Petrie."

His manner was overbearing to the point of rudeness. I felt like a recruit in the hands of a company sergeant

major. But I suffered it and took out my cigarette case.

"I have arranged," he continued, "with Mr. Aden that the relics of the Masked Prophet—which, God knows, have caused sufficient misery already—shall be handed over to those who demand them, and Rima returned to us tonight at twelve o'clock—in the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid."

Probably no more perfect registration of astonishment could have been achieved by any Hollywood star than that now displayed by Dr. Petrie. He stared from face to face in positive bewilderment and:

"You think what I think, Petrie," the chief shouted; "that it's stark, raving lunacy!"

Sir Denis began to light his pipe.

"Frankly, I don't know what to think," Petrie confessed. "It sounds fantastic to a degree. Really, Smith, in the circumstances . . ."

Sir Denis, having failed to light up with the first match, turned irritably to the speaker.

"Have you ever had occasion to observe, Petrie," he inquired acidly, "that my average behavior tends to be absurd?"

"Not at all."

"Very well." He struck a second match. "I will quote from memory the terms of the agreement to which Barton and I have set our hands, witnessed by Greville, here."

The second match also failed. Laying his pipe upon the table:

"The phrasing doesn't matter," he went on, "but the hub of the thing is this:

"Dr. Fu Manchu's agent was authorized to propose that at a meeting place to be mutually agreed upon, but one not less than half a mile from any inhabited dwelling, no more than two persons should present themselves with the relics of the Prophet. Of the other part it was agreed that no more than two persons should be with Rima. Rima having been accepted on our side and the relics on the other, all should be permitted to depart unmolested."

"Well," said the chief, leaning across the table, "it was playing into our hands!"

"Listen," Nayland Smith's even voice continued: "Knowing with whom I was dealing, I made a further condition. It was this: that after the interchange of valuables (pardon me, Greville, but I don't quite know how otherwise to express myself) there should be a ten minutes' truce. Note the time—ten minutes."

"I STILL remain in the dark," I confessed.

"So do I," said Petrie.

"Wait!" the chief growled, watching Nayland Smith intently. "I begin to see—I think I begin to see."

"Good for you, Barton," was the reply. "I naturally anticipated an ambush. If Fu Manchu can secure what he wants, and at the same time dispose of two people in the world who know much of himself and his methods, this would be a master stroke. I looked for loopholes in the agreement. While the Doctor would not hesitate to murder any of us, he is incapable of dishonoring his bond. I played for safety."

"Hopeless!" I exclaimed. "It appears to me that tonight we are walking with our eyes open right into a trap."

"Wait!" With a third match the speaker got his pipe going. "By the courtesy of Mr. Aden it was left to me

to suggest this meeting place. And I selected the King's Chamber of the Great Pyramid. It was a momentary inspiration, and I may have been wrong. But consider its advantages."

He paused, and now we were all watching him intently.

"Apart from the condition that we shall be represented by no more than two persons at the meeting place, there is no clause in the agreement prohibiting our being covered by as many persons as we care to assemble!"

"Police headquarters are advised. Tonight at twelve o'clock Gizeh will be deserted; there's no moon. A cordon will be drawn around the pyramid. Nothing in my agreement with Mr. Aden prohibits this. When Rima is brought there from whatever place they have her in hiding, the fact will be reported to me."

"By heaven!" cried the chief, and banged the table so violently that Petrie's glass was upset; but, as if not noticing the fact: "By heaven! This is sheer genius, Smith. Your pickets will get her on the way?"

"It's possible."

SIR LIONEL laughed boisterously, and clapped his hands for a waiter.

"They won't even get—" he began, and then paused.

I saw Sir Denis watching him, and I realized that he, as well as I, had noticed that schoolboy furtiveness creeping over Sir Lionel's face. The arrival of a waiter interrupted us temporarily, but then:

"You see, Greville," said Sir Denis, turning to me eagerly, "even if they slip past the pickets and we have to enter the pyramid, those inside will be at our mercy. Because the police will close around the entrance behind us, and—"

"And there's only one entrance!" I concluded. "I see it all! We can't fail to regain the relics?"

"This would be playing into our hands," cried the chief, "if Fu Manchu agreed to it. We began cheering too soon! I admit the brilliancy of the scheme, Smith; I can see your point now. But when a meeting place half a mile from any inhabited dwelling was suggested, Fu Manchu hadn't thought about the Great Pyramid! He'll veto the whole thing when the slimy Aden reports."

"I had fully anticipated it," Nayland Smith admitted, "but only ten minutes ago, just before I joined you, the arrangement was confirmed on the telephone."

"By whom?" I asked.

"By the only voice of its kind in the world—by the voice of Dr. Fu Manchu. . . ."

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "then he's here, in Cairo!"

We set out at eleven-thirty in Petrie's car.

I suppose that of all the dark hours I have known this was as black as any. I rested upon Sir Denis Nayland Smith as upon a rock. . . . If he should fail me—all was lost.

At the village, where few lights were burning when we passed, a British policeman was on duty. Nayland Smith checked Petrie, and leaning out of the car:

"Anything passed?" he asked rapidly.

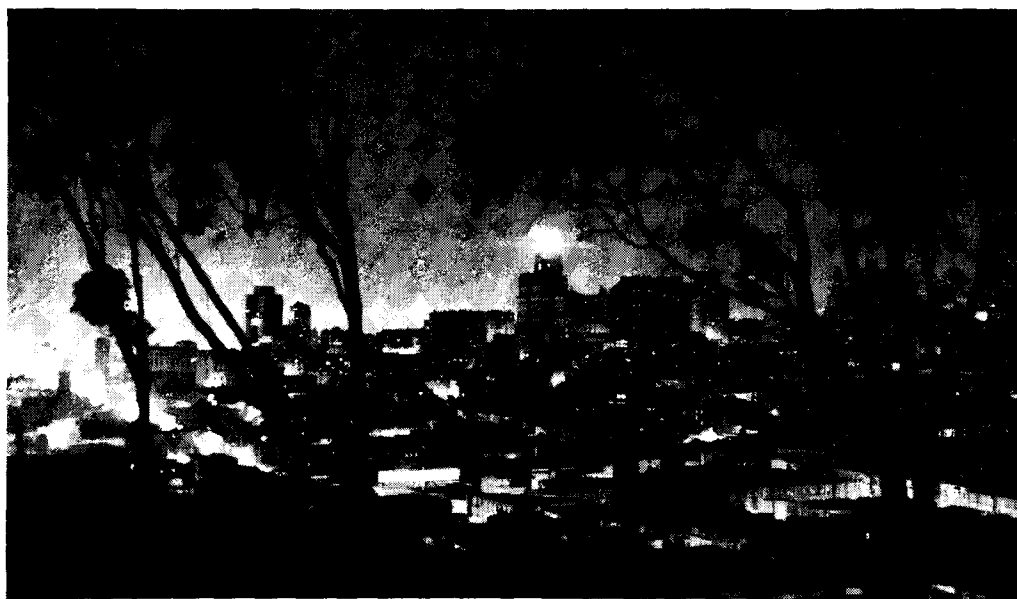
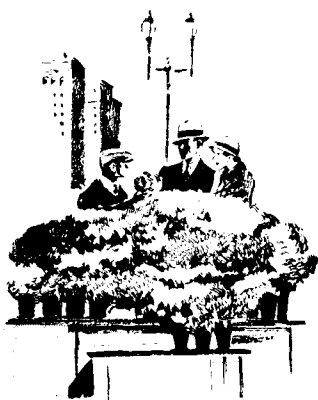
"Nothing much, sir. Two or three hotel parties. I've noticed a lot of funny-looking Bedouins about here tonight, but I suppose that's nothing to do with the matter—"

(Continued on page 34)

Vacation in California Play in SAN FRANCISCO

This is California's greatest vacation year. And costs are cut way down. Come by train at lowest roundtrip fares in history. Or come by auto. Or by steamship through the Panama Canal.

Sailing a white-winged yacht in the world's largest land-locked harbor—riding the great modern ferries—viewing the Navy's fighting ships—these are some of the thrills in store for you on San Francisco Bay!



Ten million laughing lights, light San Francisco nights.

However you like best to spend a summer—playing hard outdoors, or loafing for your healthy tan—California is a thrilling vacationland. And this year we've added some special thrills:

See the Tenth Olympics. See the I. C. A. A. A. and the British-American Games. See the colorful Shrine Conclave and many other picturesque events.

And play in San Francisco. The city within a Golden Gate that is different from any other famous city anywhere!

Play at the Beach and in fabulous Golden Gate Park. Take your choice of dozens of sporty golf courses, and sail great San Francisco Bay. Explore the largest Chinatown outside of China, and the long Embarcadero with its ships and men from far away...Dance to celebrated orchestras (in the town where jazz was born). Climb high, towered hills in cable cars; look out on "half of California." And

see the *Presidio* and *Mission Dolores*—whence, in a sense, our whole Pacific Coast Empire sprang...

Thousands come every summer to San Francisco...to recoup the smile that months of work wears off. And you'll be glad all your life, if you come, too.

It is a fascinating city, this center of the whole California vacationland...and it is *America's coolest summer city*. You'll find each summer day mild, invigorating; each night kept cool by soft sea breezes.

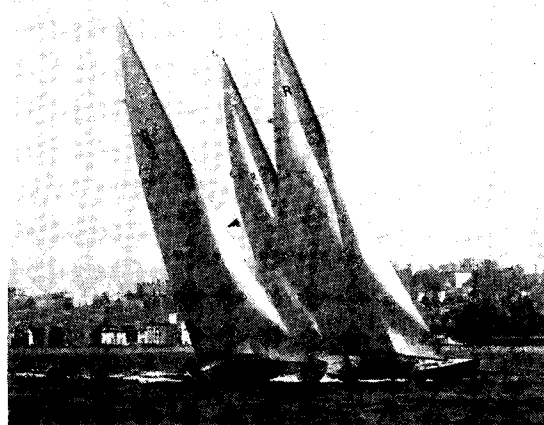
Come this summer!

Make this your best vacation!

If you would like a free, illustrated book to help you plan, write Californians Inc., Room 2706, 703 Market St., San Francisco.

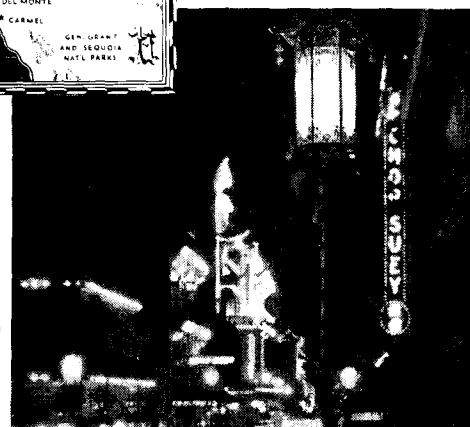
Tell anyone to come here for a glorious vacation, but advise persons seeking employment not to come here at this time, lest they be disappointed.

Under the privileges of new, low, summer roundtrip railroad fares, San Francisco may be included on any Pacific Coast ticket at little or no additional cost!



In San Francisco: I. C. A. A. A. (track and field meet) July 1-2; British-American Games, August 14; Shrine celebration, July 26-28.

San Francisco centers California's most varied vacationland. No one of the many famous places on the map below is so much as one whole day away...



San Francisco's Chinatown. A city that came across the sea. A curious old world city set down in America.





Dr. ADOLF BICKEL, of Berlin, is a noted authority on stomach and intestines.

"Yeast is a FOOD—not a Drug" explains DR. BICKEL

ARE you a victim of the injurious cathartic habit? If so, read this:—

"Medical experience . . . proves that fresh yeast is one of the best laxatives we know of. Its action as a . . . food, and not a drug . . . makes it the ideal remedy for constipation."

That is the statement of a great medical expert. Of one of the foremost authorities alive. Of Dr. Adolf Bickel, famous specialist in metabolism of the University of Berlin!

A food, Fleischmann's Yeast softens the poison-forming masses of food residue in your body. At the same time it actually strengthens your sluggish intestines.

Thus gently but surely yeast restores easy, natural evacuations . . . fosters digestive secretions . . . invigorates . . . purifies. Thus it peeps up appetite, clears your tongue, brings back health, energy—vibrant enjoyment of all life's good things.

Won't you try it—in place of weakening drugs and pills? Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain, or dissolved in water (about a third of a glass).

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Try it today!



(Left) Billy Boyd, of Chicago. His mother writes: "I was worried about Billy and Bobby . . . I had read that Fleischmann's Yeast was remarkable for constipation. I gave it to them. Today they are two of the healthiest boys alive."

Important Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind doctors advise! Rich in vitamins B, G and D.

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The Mask of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 32

"Making for Gizeh?"

"No, sir. They all went that way—into the village."

"Go ahead, Petrie."

As we swung around onto that long, straight, tree-lined avenue which leads to the Plateau of Gizeh, I counted three cars which passed us, bound towards Cairo.

There was nothing ahead, and nobody seemed to be following. As the hotel came into view:

"We have time in hand," said Petrie. "Shall I drive right ahead?"

"Pull up," Nayland Smith directed sharply.

An Egyptian, who might have been a dragoman, had sprung from the shadow of the wall bordering the gardens of Mena House, where during the day a line of cars and camels may be seen. Nayland Smith craned out.

"Who is it?" he asked impatiently.

"Enderby, Sir Denis. You met me at headquarters today."

"Right! What have you to report?"

"Not a thing! I have four smart men watching with me, and we have checked everybody. There's absolutely nothing to report."

"Leave the car here, Petrie," said Nayland Smith. "We have time to walk. It may be better."

PETRIE backed the car in against the wall, and we all got out. The "Arab," whose name was Enderby and whom I took to be a secret-service agent, conversed aside with Sir Denis for some time. Then, saluting in the native manner, he withdrew, and disappeared into the shadows again.

"Queer business," said Nayland Smith, pulling the lobe of his ear. "A gathering of the heads of the many orders of dervishes is taking place in the village tonight. As a rule they don't mix. . . . And why at Gizeh?"

"Don't like the sound of it, myself," the chief growled; but:

"D'you mind grabbing the case, Greville?" said Nayland Smith tersely.

With ill-concealed reluctance Sir Lionel passed his leather suitcase into my possession; and we started up the sandy slope.

Just as we were topping the slope a man appeared, apparently from nowhere, and so suddenly that I was startled out of my confused reverie. Petrie, who was beside me, grabbed my arm, and then:

"You're early, Sir Denis," said a voice.

I knew it at once: it was that of Hewlett, acting superintendent of police.

"Not so loud," snapped Nayland Smith. "What's the news?"

"None, I regret to say, sir."

"You mean no one has entered the pyramid?"

"Not a soul—if I can rely on my men!"

My heart sank—went down to zero. The scheme, the fantastic scheme, had failed. He was dealing with a super-mind, and Fu Manchu was laughing at him. It was unthinkable that the Chinese doctor should have exposed any of his agents to a danger so obvious.

"How many men have you here?"

"Sixty. The place is entirely surrounded."

"What does this mean, Smith?" Petrie asked urgently. He turned to Hewlett, whom he evidently knew well, and: "How long have you been covering the pyramid?" he added.

"Since the guides knocked off," was

the reply. "If anybody's smuggled through in the interval, he must have been invisible."

"It's a booby trap," said the chief shortly. "You've ruled me out, Smith, and perhaps it doesn't matter. But, by heaven—"

"Disappear, Hewlett," Nayland Smith directed tersely; and as Hewlett obediently merged into the shadows: "I don't know what this means, Petrie," he went on, "any more than you do. From the evidence, and I count it pretty sound, nobody has gone into the place tonight since sunset. But three of us have signed an agreement with an enemy I would strangle with my own hands if I had the opportunity, but with an enemy who has one redeeming virtue: he always keeps his word. We must keep ours."

"He spotted the cordon," Sir Lionel growled, "and he's called his men off—"

"We have stuck strictly to the terms of the understanding. He must have anticipated that we should do our utmost to arrest his agents immediately the ten-minute truce ended."

"Then he finds he can't cope with the situation. He's backed out—"

"My God!" I groaned, "where's Rima? She can't possibly be here!"

"Wait and see!" snapped Nayland Smith.

His words were spoken so savagely that I recognized the tension under which he was laboring, and regretted my emotional outburst.

"I'm sorry, Sir Denis," I said. "It's vital to me, and—"

"It's equally vital to me! I'm not risking Rima's life for any pet theory, Greville. I'm doing my damndest to make sure she's returned safely."

His words made me rather ashamed of myself.

"I know," I replied. "I'm terribly worked up."

"Barton," came a tense order, "get in touch with Hewlett and stand by here. You too, Petrie."

"I hate you for this," said the chief violently.

"Hate on! You are too damned impetuous for the job before us. . . ."

Together he and I set out.

And presently I found myself alone with Nayland Smith at the foot of that vast, mysterious building which has defied the researches of Egyptologists and fired the imaginations of millions who have never even seen it.

Sir Lionel had carried out an inquiry here in 1930, just prior to our excavations on the site of Nineveh. I knew the Great Pyramid inside out, remembering the job more vividly because Rima had been absent in England during the time, the chief having given her leave of absence which he refused to grant to me.

We had reached the steps which lead to the opening, and:

"You're in charge now," said Nayland Smith. "Lead, and I'll follow. Give me the case."

IN THAT little bay in the masonry which communicates with the entrance we stood, and, turning, looked back.

Sixty men surrounded us; but not one of them was in sight. At some point there in the darkness Sir Lionel and Dr. Petrie were probably watching. But, in the absence of moonlight, we must have been very shadowy figures, if visible at all. I looked down upon the mounds and hollows of the desert, and I could discern away to the left those streets of tombs whose excavation had added so little to our knowledge. There

were two or three lighted windows in Mena House. . . .

"Go ahead, Greville," said Nayland Smith. "From this point onward I am absolutely in your hands."

I turned, switching on the flashlight which I carried, and began to walk down that narrow passage, blocked at its lower end, which leads to the only known entrance to the interior chambers.

Familiar enough it was, because of the weeks I had spent there taking complicated measurements under Sir Lionel's direction—measurements which had led to no definite results.

We came to the end where the old and new passages meet. Our footsteps in the silence of that densely inclosed place aroused most eerie echoes; and in the flattened V where the ascent begins:

"Stand still, Greville," Sir Denis directed.

I obeyed. My light already was shining up the slope ahead. In silence we stood for fully half a minute.

"What," I asked, "are you listening for?"

"For anything," he replied in a low voice. "If I had not spoken to Dr. Fu Manchu in person on the telephone today, Greville, I should be prepared to swear that you and I were alone in this place tonight."

"I have no reason to suppose otherwise," I replied. "The pickets have seen no one enter. What have we to hope for?"

"Nothing is impossible—particularly to Dr. Fu Manchu. He accepted my terms and the meeting place. In short, he declared himself. And, though contrary to normal evidence, I shall be greatly surprised if, when we reach the King's Chamber, we do not find his representatives there with Rima."

I COULD not trust myself to reply, but I led on, up the long, sloping, narrow way which communicates with the Great Hall, that inexplicable, mighty corridor leading to the cramped portals of the so-called King's Chamber. At the mouth of that opening, beyond which the Queen's Chamber lies, Nayland Smith, following, grasped my arm and brought me to a halt.

"Wait," he said; "listen again."

I stood still. Some bats, disturbed by our light, circled above us. My impatience was indescribable. I tried to imagine Rima, a captive, being dragged along these gloomy corridors. I could not conceive it; I did not believe she was in the place.

But until I had reached that dead-end which is the King's Chamber, my doubts could not be resolved; and this delay imposed by Nayland Smith was all but intolerable, the more so since I could not fathom its purpose.

I have never known silence so complete as that which reigns inside the Great Pyramid. No cavern of nature has ever known it, for subterraneously there is always the trickle of water, some evidence of nature at work. Here, in this vast monument, no such sounds intrude.

And so, as we stood there listening, save for the whirl of bat wings, we stood in a silence so complete that I could hear myself breathing. When Nayland Smith spoke, although he spoke in a whisper, his voice broke that utter stillness like the blow of a hammer:

"Listen! Listen, Greville! Do you hear it?"

(To be continued next week)

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manager that he would have me in the company if he had to resort to kidnapping.

"Sooner or later," said he (and I would remember this), "the kid is going to make them break down the doors. I'm going to sign her on first."

As it was the purpose of the company to tour the state and beyond until audiences quit appearing, it was necessary that my mother's consent be procured. Financially, the family's plight was desperate. We weren't starving, but that condition was but one more step downward. And yet Mother was hard to win over. I'm not altogether sure whether it was that she could not quite bring herself to surrender her youngest living child, or whether she thought me a bit too wild to be turned loose. Mary was already singing in the churches, and Hortense, another sister who has since won distinction as an Ibsen actress and reader, was obviously headed for the stage. So Mother, catching at any available protest, announced that my father would not have liked it.

Too Many Mothers

"Very well," announced The Mikado manager, "we'll give her another name. Let us see—Rose something-or-other. Rose for rosy cheeks."

He was such a nice man.

"And you say she was born in Tennessee," he went on. "Well, well, well. How about Rose Southern? A lovely name and a distinguished name. Rose of the South. Rose Southern. Bless my heart, it is an inspiration."

"And you, dear little Mother," he continued, "you shall not be separated from your little jewel. By no means, by no means. You shall travel with her through the state of Missouri at the company's expense. And for her services, our little Rose shall receive—ah—let us say forty dollars."

"How often?" asked Mother, who had suddenly turned practical.

"Why, every Saturday night, to be sure. Forty dollars a week is the sum this company pays for a capable Nanki Poo. You will not do better even in New York."

We didn't argue. Forty dollars a week! And expenses paid! The shock affected us differently. Mother wept but I merely puffed up with importance.

For seven weeks I sang Nanki Poo to the great state of Missouri, getting forty dollars every week, every penny of which Mother saved. Our expenses were paid, you know. But I seem to recall that it was partly because Mother had come along with us that the show didn't last longer. There were two or three other mothers present, on the same footing as mine, but now every child demanded that his or her mother be sent for and carried along. In vain did the manager protest. The kids sent for mothers, grandmothers, aunts and elderly friends, and a general chaos ensued. There had been some jealousy anyway when I was picked out of the street to sing the treacherous rôle of Nanki Poo, but it had merely smoldered until the adults began to arrive in carloads. Each of the dear ladies was certain that her darling could sing better and was far prettier than I. But you must get the idea.

Back in Kansas City, after those seven weeks, I was subjected to a thorough inventory by my mother and Father Lillis—now Bishop Lillis. Doubtless Mary, my sister, contributed to the symposium. I do not remember displaying any interest until they told me

Born to Sing

Continued from page 19

that, for the time being, my theater days were over. They told me that considerable investigation into the subject had convinced them that even a singer or an actress could do with a little education—that at least it wouldn't hurt her. Therefore, I was to return to school, but, to soften the blow, it was agreed that I be trained for the choir at St. Patrick's, where Mary was singing in spite of the unfriendliness of a lady who was not only director of the choir but rather jealous of Mary's undeniably better voice.

This training of mine started with fundamentals. I was permitted to spend Sundays in the choir loft, with the proviso that I occasionally relieve or help the young fellow who pumped the instrument. I pumped the lighter parts, although, being tremendously ambitious, it was sometimes difficult for the lad to pry me away from the bellows handle when, in his opinion, a bit of expert pumping was required.

It was there in the choir loft, behind that organ, that my sponge-like mind absorbed the Masses, Mozart's glorious Twelfth and Beethoven's dramatic Second, and even Brahms' Deutsches Requiem, besides Weber's, Berlioz' and Cherubini's. And Handel's oratorio, The Messiah. Mendelssohn's Elijah and the Bach Passions. Rossini's Stabat Mater too. It was no trouble for me to retain them and I took my place in St. Patrick's choir as a matter of course when Mary left to sing in St. John's.

Thus for four years in St. Patrick's I was drilled honestly and persistently in the serious music of the masters, my receptive ears catching every note, every phrase, every word, and storing them safely in a mind that rebelled at many things but never at music. And there I learned to read the complicated scores, one of my teachers being the organist, Benjamin Nentwig, an unhappy young man who to me represented the acme of musical power and glory. Child that I was, I think I loved Ben Nentwig the moment I saw his great delicate hands touch the organ console. I married him when I was sixteen, Father Lillis performing the ceremony, and both his family and mine taking it rather hard.

We Leave Ben

Ben Nentwig was one of those men, just as I was one of those women, who would do better not to marry. We were both selfish, loving nothing nearly so much as our own talents and willing to concede nothing that would not contribute directly and immediately to our professional ambitions. Our friendship for each other was not made of the stuff which resists the inescapable frictions of marriage. Ben was a musician equipped by nature and education to teach and interpret; I was an untrained and undisciplined young voice backed by an aggressive ambition that was no respecter of persons or situations.

Ben lost no time in announcing the program that I was to follow. I was to abandon my stage dreams; I was to be content to sing in the churches of Kansas City or appear occasionally in home-town concerts; I was to establish a home, cook, mend, wash, produce children. And Ben—he would continue to play the organ at twenty-five dollars a month and teach music to such pupils as he could find at a dollar a lesson. And I, now graduated from the streets, had already sung upon the professional stage for forty dollars a week! That weekly forty dollars had poisoned

whatever domesticity there had been in me. I had tasted applause. I had smelled grease paint.

So we shall leave Ben (as I was soon to leave him) and return to this career of mine. It had paused much longer than I had wished. Among my numerous acquaintances, gained by my willingness to sing wherever a group, however small, might be assembled, were men and women who had traveled much—or much in my estimation. And they had told me that travel was most educational. Therefore, reasoned I, why all this tarrying? To be sure, there were reasons that were not to be denied. For example, I had become the mother of a lad we called Ben. But now that was over; my husband and I had parted, and little Ben had been taken off to his father's family. Unwillingly I had abided by that for the time being, because they were financially more capable than I of caring for young Ben. But this too urged me to be on my way. I would go into the world, make much money and return just long enough to get my mother and my boy. Just how I was going to do all this was not so definite; but I was never lacking in ambition; and setbacks, momentary or otherwise, did not give me pause for long.

Somewhat to my indignation, I did not find managers of visiting troupes eager for my services. Far from being disappointed, however, I dismissed them as incompetents and felt that it was quite as well that I was not to trust my talents to their inept hands. Anyway, there were no jobs to be had.

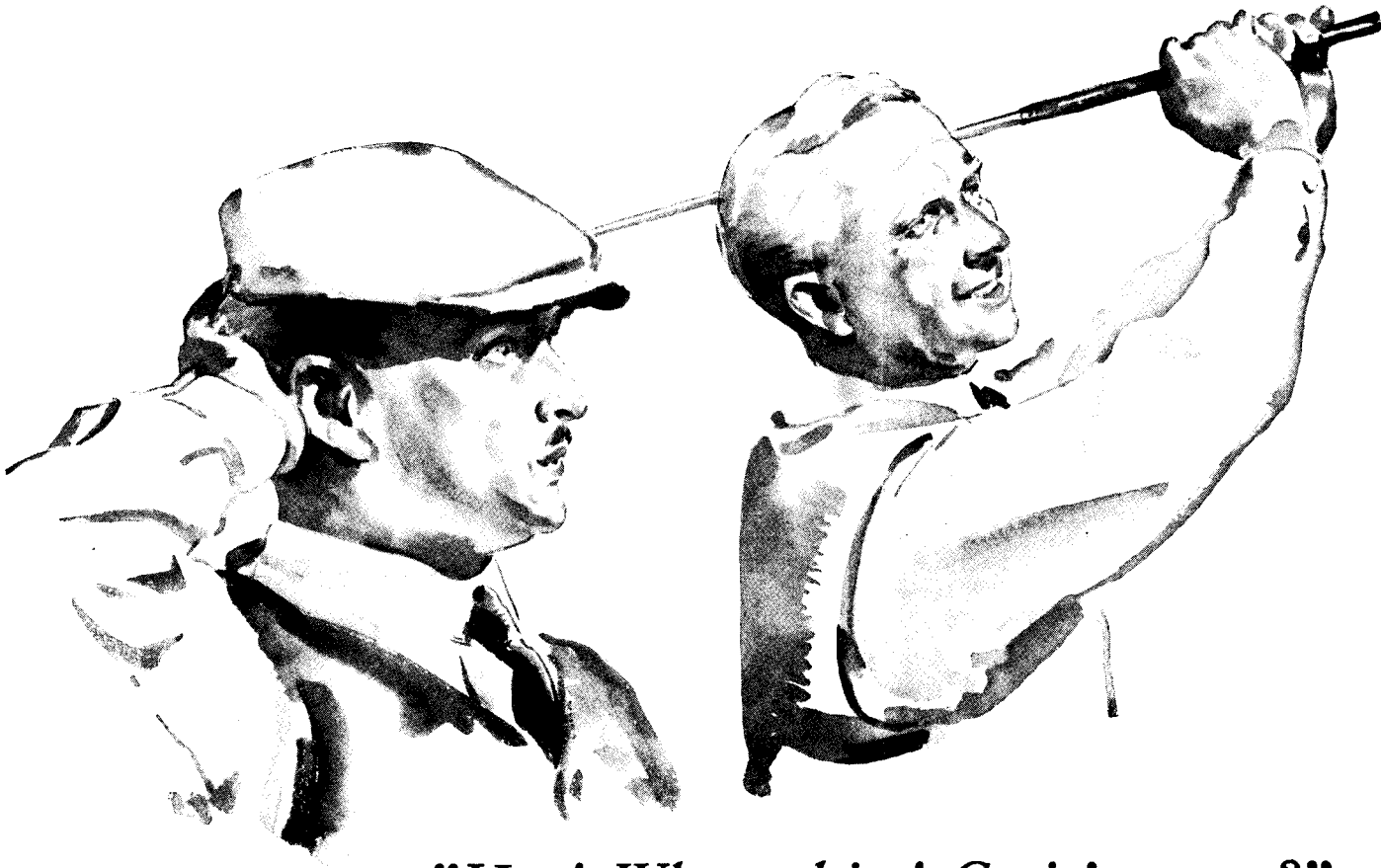
Big-Time Singers

However, there was nothing that I knew of that prevented me from organizing my own company, and thus was born that quartet of willing and durable singers of which you probably never heard. I called it the Chicago Church Choir Company, the "Chicago" being adopted because, in my estimation, anything coming from that city was necessarily excellent. Big-time singers, you see. None of us had ever been anywhere near Chicago, but there was no reason why we should admit it.

That quartet was made up of Sam Sterrett, a tenor, Juliette Bothwell, contralto, a bass named Madeiro, and myself. With the exception of the bass, and including our manager, a sanguine boy named John Haines, we were all much under twenty years old and exceedingly hard to cast down—which was very fortunate. What was virtually the end of that great enterprise came in Maryville, Missouri. We arrived in a snowstorm and, utterly unconcerned over our financial condition which, like the weather, was at zero, registered at the hotel and hurried over to the opera house. It was nothing at all for us to arrive in a town a few minutes before we were to sing. Little things like schedules and rehearsals did not concern us. We needed no formal rehearsals anyway; we were always singing between stops and probably sang more and better in the trains and stage-coaches than we did on the platforms.

At this opera house, however, a distinctly unsympathetic owner asked us how long our performance lasted. I think our program was to consume two hours but this was not satisfactory to him. If we couldn't entertain for at least two and a half hours we were, he said, cheating the public. Besides, he added, we ought to do something besides sing. I suggested a few dances.

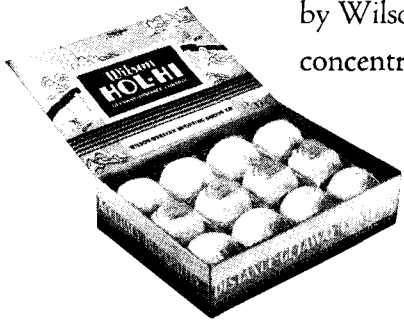
(Continued on page 39)



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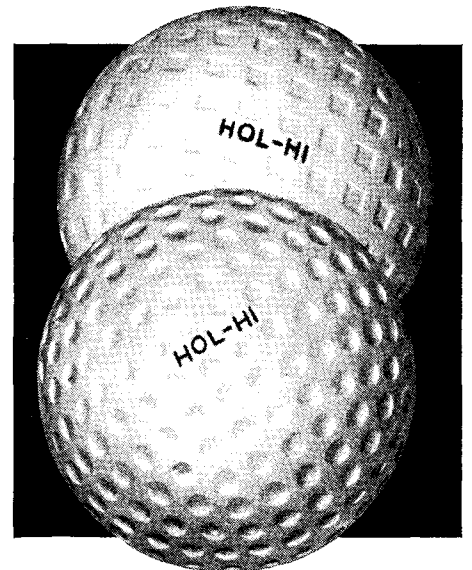
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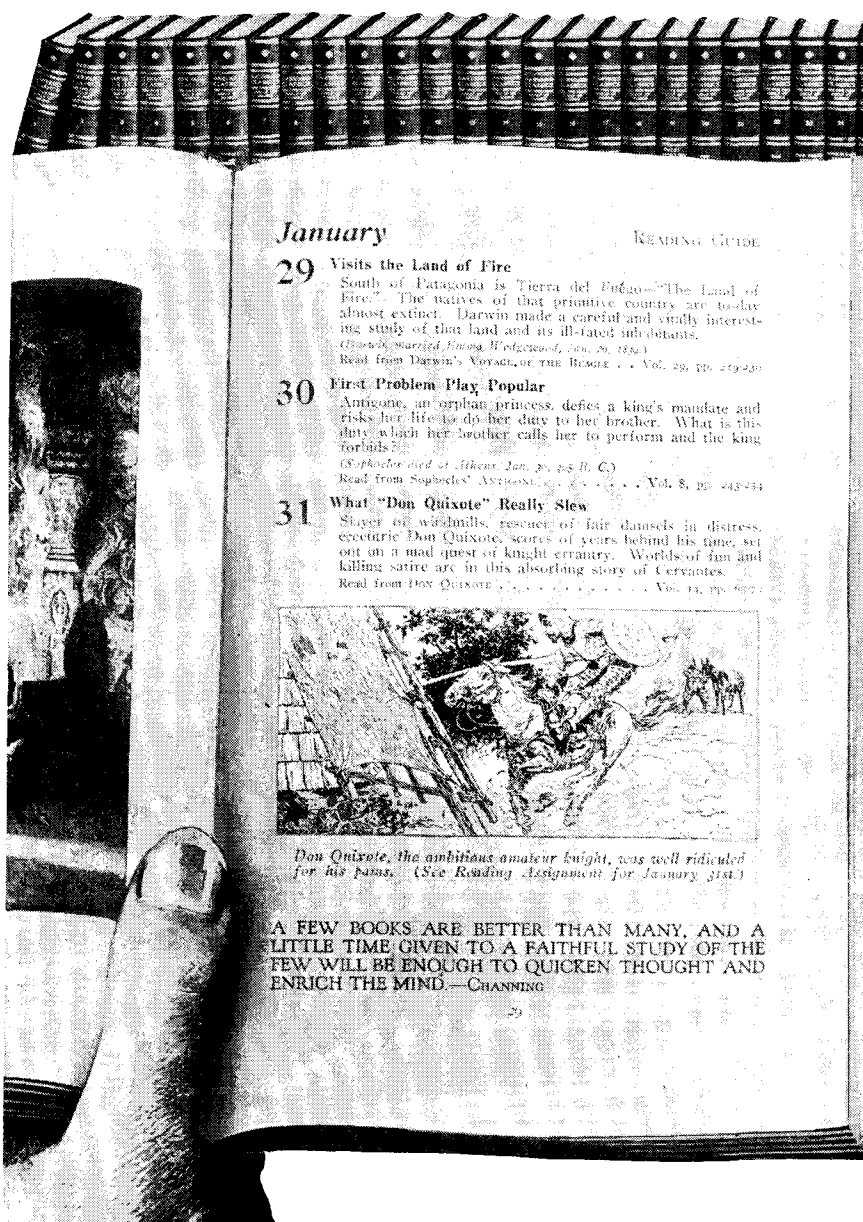
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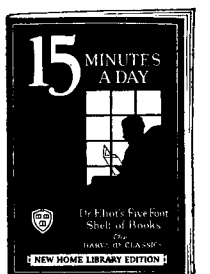
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Born to Sing

Continued from page 36

No, he said, dancing was sinful. No dancing. Whereat Sam Sterrett inquired about the propriety of magic. Would a few sleight-of-hand tricks do? They would.

"But," said the theater owner ominously, "that'd better be good, and don't ask for no watches from the audience. The last magician tried that and was run out of town afterwards."

The curtain was an ordinary bed-sheet and there were no dressing-rooms. Had we known this, Juliette and I might have changed into our costumes at the hotel. However, there was no time to be lost as the audience of perhaps forty ladies and gentlemen, who sat steaming in the chairs, wrapped in overcoats and blankets because the hall was not heated and the storm outside was rapidly becoming a blizzard, was already demanding entertainment. So Juliette and I dressed behind that flimsy curtain, wholly unaware of the shadow-show we were giving as a prelude to the announced program. Apparently the men folks in the audience were not offended; but the women were all for swift, adequate punishment. Juliette and I were clearly a pair of loose hussies who had come to Maryville meaning no good to the male population.

Breakfast for a Song

Therefore, when the curtain arose for our opening songs from Penelope, a hodge-podge made up of the hits of a dozen comic operas and musical comedies, our audience was distinctly hostile. The women refused to encourage such lewd creatures and the men didn't dare. In fact, so unfriendly were they that we made a swift shift in our program and Sam and his parlor tricks went on next. Sam was a fearful failure. Whatever he was trying to do is still a dark mystery to me because nothing desirable happened. It was a coin trick of some sort, and before Sam had ceased assuring the audience that the hand was quicker than the eye the coin hit the stage with a derisive ring. Recovering it, he tried again. This time the coin not only fell out of his hand but vanished through a crack in the floor. And this being the only coin Sam or any of us had, he made the great mistake of asking that one of the gentlemen in the audience lend him a fifty-cent piece. That was where the show ended. That satisfied the ladies that Juliette and I were not only birds of prey but that Sam was a crook.

Led by a few of the more indignant ladies, the entire audience arose and demanded that we get out of that hall and keep on going. Blizzard or no blizzard, we might not stay in Maryville where, apparently, men were men and not to be trusted. They did not demand that we return their money—twenty-five cents each—because they would attend to that themselves. Whereat they went roaring out, headed for the box office. But when they got there they found that somebody had beaten them. Our bass singer had, for one; but even he had been too late. He found only four dollars in the till which, being four dollars more than we had, he took.

So we left Maryville without argument, stopping at the hotel just long enough to be told that we could not have our bags (mine was a large canvas, telescope carryall) because we owed the proprietor a dollar apiece for the rooms we hadn't occupied. But what of that when you are eighteen with the whole world ahead of you? We huddled together around the red-hot stove

in the hotel lobby and sang the Hallelujah Chorus for the assembled mob, which included the chief of police and the sheriff. And then we set forth—for the next town, whatever it might be and wherein we had no booking. Set forth on foot, of course. How else?

All that Saturday night the five of us plunged through the snow, losing the blizzard-blanketed road, tumbling over buried fences. To keep warm we bombarded one another with snowballs, and once we helped a farmer get his storm-shackled wagon out of the ditch. Tragic? Not a bit of it. We were having the time of our lives.

I don't recall what time it was, but the sun was not yet up when we stumbled into the next village, ten or twelve miles from Maryville. We halted in front of a little wooden church, next to which was the parsonage.

"Sing," cried Haines, in whose mind an idea had burst. "Sing that Angels Ever Bright and Fair. One, two—"

And we sang it—Handel's Angels Ever Bright and Fair—in front of that parsonage. A window went whining upward and the clergyman—an earnest young man with a great shock of black hair—popped forth his head. He listened for a moment, smiled pleasantly and vanished. In a moment he was at the front door with a lamp in his hand. And then, doing the cooking himself, he fed us ham and eggs and coffee. As we ate we surrendered to the weariness that the excitement of the night had fended off. We were just tired children and that parson—whose name, I am ashamed to own, I have forgotten—put us to bed as such.

The Chicago Church Choir Company awoke many hours later and I told the clergyman our story—all of it. The truth, I mean.

I sang in his choir that evening. Afterward, in the parsonage, he asked us what our plans were.

"So you want to keep on," he said. "I had hoped you children would want to go home. But I learned a long time ago that it is often wrong to stand in the way of young people who are following a healthy ambition. But you'll need money, won't you? Omaha, you say. Well, that's pretty far away. . . . See here. Our little church is giving a concert tomorrow night. We have some local talent but I'm sure that if you will sing we shall do better and take in more money. And perhaps there will be enough for you to get to Omaha."

Blessing of a Village Parson

We sang in the church concert—until midnight. In the morning the clergyman (I hate myself for forgetting his name) bought us tickets for Omaha and gave us enough cash to keep us from hunger for a few days. He walked with us to the railroad station and gave us his blessing.

"Be good children," was his benediction. "If the prayers of a village parson can help you—they're yours."

On the train we thought it over. A fascinating suspicion fixed itself in our minds. But we did not confirm it until much later.

That church concert had been organized for two purposes—to buy a new roof and a new carpet for the church itself and to pay that parson's back salary. It produced enough for both. But the good man had given us his back salary.

Miss Nielsen will continue her story next week.

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All this, however, Jane could have forgiven, had he but come through with a red-hot scheme for retrieving the fateful letter from Mrs. Gedge. But if it is true that the Hour produces the Man, it is also true that it remorselessly reveals the washout. As a schemer, Blair Eggleston had proved entirely negligible. He had no constructive policy of any kind to put forward. He might just as well not have been there.

Reluctantly, Jane came to the conclusion that what she needed in a predicament like this was somebody more on the lines of Packy Franklyn. With a sudden whole-hearted intensity she wished that he were here now, and, looking up, saw that he was. He was at that very moment coming down the path toward her. Quick service, decided Jane, and jumped perhaps two inches and a quarter in her astonishment at this miracle. She felt a little as Aladdin might have done if he had rubbed his lamp by accident.

"You!"

She had said the same word to him on a previous occasion. Then it had had something of the effect of a Mills bomb. Now, it brought to his face a gratified smile.

"What? . . . Why? . . . What? . . ."

Packy was pressing her little hand. A purist might have said that for an engaged man he was pressing it perhaps just the slightest shade too fondly.

"It's quite all right."

In a few simple words he explained the situation. He related the interview with the Vicomte de Blissac, the more recent interview with Mr. Gedge. Forestalling any possible question as to how, now that he was in the chateau, he proposed to open a locked safe, he spoke of Mr. Slattery and Mr. Slattery's gratitude, showing that he had a skilled assistant who would do all that sort of thing for him. All that had to be done, he pointed out, was to wait till Mrs. Gedge returned and then leave a handy window open and Mr. Slattery would do the rest.

"So there you are," said Packy.

Jane Opal breathed deeply.

"But how splendid of you!"

"Oh, no, really."

THERE was no necessity for him to have taken her hand again and pressed it, but he did so.

"But why should you be doing this for me?"

She had touched on a point which from time to time had a little perplexed Packy himself. It was, of course, absurd to suppose that any slight physical attraction which this girl might possess could have had any influence on a man who was engaged to Lady Beatrice Bracken. He was compelled to put it down to some innately noble quality in his character. You came across fellows like that occasionally—fine, big-hearted, selfless altruists, men who with no motive of personal gain simply raced about the place doing good to all and sundry. He supposed he was one of them.

Too modest to advance this theory, he waved a deprecating hand.

"Well, it struck me that you might be needing a little help. I rather gathered from what you said over the telephone that evening that you weren't expecting very solid results from Eggleston."

Jane sighed.

"Blair's been no good at all. I don't think he's very happy."

"I can quite see how he might not be. Personally, I'd sooner be somebody living in Chicago that gangsters didn't

much like than your father's valet."

He would have gone on to develop this theme, but at this moment there was a puffing noise and round the corner came Senator Opal in person.

On seeing Packy, the senator halted abruptly. A look of concern came into his face. He had been much worried of late, and worry, he knew, breeds hallucinations. Then he saw that this phantasm was holding his daughter's hand and that she appeared to be aware of his presence, and he felt a little reassured. And when the girl turned to him and said, "Oh, hullo, Father. Here's Mr. Franklyn!" his last doubts disappeared and what had been the chill of apprehension turned into wrath.

"Only," proceeded Jane, as his color began gradually to deepen and memories of old hair-cuts lit the flame in the eyes which he was fixing on Packy, "you must remember to call him the Vicomte de Blissac."

NOTHING, as Shakespeare appreciated, is more tedious than a twicetold tale, but in Jane's demeanor as Packy for the second time related the events which had led up to his being at the chateau in another's name there was no suggestion of boredom. She stood there with sparkling eyes, interjecting an occasional "Isn't that great!" and from time to time a "Get this, Father, it's good!"

Nor was the senator an unemotional audience. Gradually, as he listened, the purple flush faded from his face and into it came that awed, reverential look which had come a short while before into the face of his daughter and a short while before that into the face of Mr. Gedge. As the story drew to its conclusion, he stood for a while puffing. Then he gave tongue with the air of one who now saw all things clearly:

"So this is the fellow!"

"What, Father?"

"This is the fellow you were telling me about in London. Fellow you want to marry."

A little gasp escaped Jane. The mistake was a natural, even an inevitable one, but this made it none the less disconcerting. She looked at Packy, her face reddening.

In Packy's gaze, also, there was a certain embarrassment. But he winked quickly, a wink that said "Humor him. It is better so." To explain, he realized, would merely be to introduce the Blair

Eggleston motif, and his intuition told him, as Jane's had told her on an earlier occasion, that to do this would not be wise.

"Yessir," he said, with a faint echo of Mr. Gedge. "That's right."

Senator Opal was all genial cordiality. He patted Packy's shoulder in the heartiest possible manner.

"You get that letter back, and you won't find any kick coming from me. Franklyn? . . . Franklyn? . . . You aren't the football Franklyn, are you?"

"I did play football at Yale."

"Played football at Yale! You made the All-America."

"Yes, I did, as a matter of fact."

"I'm a Yale man myself. Why, dammit, I know all about you. Somebody left you two or three million a few years ago."

"My uncle."

Senator Opal regarded his daughter in a manner that suggested that he was uneasy about her sanity.

"A Yale man. . . . An All-America halfback. . . . A fellow with three million dollars. . . . Why you wanted to have all this secrecy and hole-in-the-corner business is more than I can imagine." He turned to Packy. "You're exactly the son-in-law I've always been hoping for. Kiss her!"

It is not easy to bestow a kiss with a warmth sufficient to satisfy a father who likes his kisses emotional and at the same time to convey to the party of the second part a suggestion of deep and respectful apology. But Packy did his best.

"Right!" said Senator Opal briskly, apparently passing the salute as adequate. "And you can do that as often as you like. And now about this letter. Do you know where I'm off to?" he asked, staring impressively from beneath his bushy eyebrows.

"YOU aren't going, Father?" said Jane, with some concern.

"Yes, I am going, and I'll tell you where I'm going. Now that this young man has come, we can get action. And the first thing to do is to find out where that infernal woman will put that letter of mine. If a man had a thing of that sort, he'd put it in a safe-deposit box. But women, poor fools, like to keep their valuables by them, so that they can take them out every two minutes and gloat over them."

"Quite true," said Packy.



"I'm afraid, sir, it's not up my alley"

Henry Anton

"Of course it's quite true. This letter is going to be put in a safe, and I'm ready to bet that safe is in her bedroom. I'll go and see. Meet me on the terrace in twenty minutes."

He stumped off, and Jane and Packy started to walk back to the château. They walked in silence, each a little pensive. . . .

IT WAS some fifteen minutes later that the garden door of the château was flung exuberantly open and Senator Opal came bounding out with quite a juvenile jauntiness in his step. His quest had been completely successful. The briefest of explorations of the Venetian suite had shown him the safe, let into the wall beside the bed. He was feeling pleased with himself, and his manner showed it.

Senator Opal began positively to frisk up and down the terrace. And as he frisked he suddenly became aware of a young woman approaching him. It was Medway, Mrs. Gedge's maid. In one hand she carried a book, in the other a half-smoked cigar.

This surprised the senator. He was far from being an anti-tobaccoist, nor had he any prejudice against the fashionable modern addiction of women to the weed. But he could not remember ever having seen a woman with a cigar.

Medway drew closer. Halting, she fixed him with a respectful eye and extended the cigar-stump between dainty fingers.

"Would you be requiring this any further, sir?"

"Eh?"

"You left it in moddom's room, and I thought perhaps you would be needing it."

A good deal of Senator Opal's effervescence evaporated. An almost automatic and unconscious smoker, he had forgotten that he had been halfway through a cigar when he embarked on that search of his. A well-defined feeling of constriction in the muscles of his throat caused him to utter a faint sound like the gurgle of a dying duck.

"You weren't there!"

"Yes, sir."

"I didn't see you."

"No, sir."

The senator cleared his throat noisily. There were several questions he would have liked to ask this calm-browed girl, but he felt that the asking would be injudicious. The salient fact, the one that must be dealt with immediately, was that she had seen him nosing about in the Venetian suite. Where she had been concealed was a side issue.

"I dare say," he said, "it seemed a little strange to you that I should be in Mrs. Gedge's room?"

Medway did not speak.

"The fact is, I am a man with a hobby. I am much interested in antiques."

Medway remained quiescent.

"An old place like this . . . a historic old house like this . . . a real old-world château like this, full of interesting objects, is—er—interesting to me. It interests me. I am interested in it. Most interested. It—er—interests me to—ah—potter around. I find it interesting."

A fly settled on his snowy hair. Medway eyed it in silence. He cleared his throat again. He was feeling that he would have to do a little better than this.

"But I can quite see," he proceeded, contriving now to achieve a faint suggestion of the rotundity which so impressed visiting constituents at Washington, "I can quite understand that Mrs. Gedge might not like . . . might object . . . might view with concern the fact that in her absence I had been visiting her—ah—sanctum sanctorum. It

might strike her as . . . in fact, just so. I should be greatly obliged to you, therefore, my good girl, if you would say nothing to her about the matter. Here," said Senator Opal, getting down to business and bringing paper money out of his pocket. He hoped it was not a *mille*, but he did not dare to stop and look. "You take this and say nothing about it."

"Thank you, sir."

"You understand? Not a word."

"Yes, sir."

"It is not that . . . It is not that I feel . . . On the other hand, there is no doubt that I ought to have waited until Mrs. Gedge returned and was able to conduct me in person about the château. . . . But as . . . er . . . seeing that . . . Well, in short, I think it will be best if you . . . ah . . . h'r'r'mph . . . just so."

"Very good, sir."

The girl's docility charmed the senator. Her tactful behavior in what might have been a situation of some embarrassment had completely restored his sense of well-being. He did not mind now if it had been a *mille*. He felt thoroughly kindly disposed toward her, and it seemed to him that a little affability of a strictly paternal nature would now not be out of place.

"Got a book there, I see."

"Yes, sir."

"A mystery story, eh?" said the senator, catching a glimpse of the book's jacket, which revealed a muscular gentleman with a mask on his face apparently engaged in jiu-jitsu with a large-eyed girl, the pair of them seemingly unaware that a hand holding a revolver was protruding from behind a curtain in the background. "One of those thrillers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, don't let me keep you. I dare say you've just got to the most exciting part?"

"Yes, sir. It's where these criminals are trying to burgle a safe in a country-house, little knowing that the girl they think is a maid is really Janice Bevereaux, the detective. Good afternoon, sir."

She passed on her way, moving gracefully over the turf. But it was not mere esthetic pleasure at her gracefulness that caused Senator Opal to stand gazing after her until she was out of sight. A sudden monstrous suspicion had come to him.

"Gosh!" he soliloquized.

A gay clatter of voices broke in on his fevered meditation. His daughter Jane had come onto the terrace, accompanied by that young fellow, Franklyn.

THE slight feeling of embarrassment which at first had militated against an easy flow of conversation between Jane and Packy had not lasted long. They were now on excellent terms, and Senator Opal, listening to their care-free chatter, thought he had never heard a more revolting sound.

"Hey!" he called sharply. He resented cheerfulness at such a moment.

Their voices died away. The fact that he was undergoing some upheaval of the soul was one which nobody, at such close range, could fail to observe. Jane was concerned, for she loved her father. Packy was surprised, because it was a revelation to him that the senator could look like that. He had always supposed him a man of blood and iron, impervious to the weaker emotions.

"Whatever is the matter, Father?"

The senator glanced about him conspiratorially. Except for a frog which had come out of the bushes and was sitting staring in that odd, apoplectic way frogs have, as if wondering what to do next, they were alone. Nevertheless, he lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper.

"Listen! We've got to watch out."

(To be continued next week)

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and buy some really lovely clothes, so you won't be ashamed of me, Inez."

Minnie wanted Mrs. Jim Karew to go with her and Mrs. Karew didn't want to go. So Minnie went alone, saying she'd be back on the ten-o'clock.

That evening about nine or a little after, Dave Gordon met Mrs. Karew in front of the Rialto picture show. Some say he asked her to see the picture and some say he wouldn't do a thing like that, but they stood and chatted and then he drove off in his car and she walked home. The neighbors on both sides saw her come in about nine-thirty or twenty minutes of ten and they wondered where in the world she had been for an hour when she didn't know anybody to visit.

It was about a quarter to ten and the sheriff was playing checkers with one of the bums in the jail when the phone rang.

Ty (the sheriff) answered it. It was Old Man Skeeter, the night watchman over to the First National Bank, and he could hardly talk he was so scared.

"Ty, come quick!" he screamed. "Somebody's killed John Strong!"

It must have been ten o'clock when the sheriff and the mayor went down and arrested Mrs. Jim Karew.

"But you can't arrest me!" she said. "I never saw John Strong in my life. I've never been in the bank!"

"Oh, no?" says Ty, and he can be mean. "Then how did this get there? It's yours, ain't it?" And he held up her bag with the diamond clasp.

All she did was nod her head and stare at it. Then he opened it and pulled out the pearl-handled revolver, and showed her three empty chambers.

"This," Ty says, "killed John Strong."

THEN Mrs. Jim Karew sort of came to. She explained as best she could that the bag had been lost. And she claimed she had a license to carry the revolver. She said she was gone from the house not more than an hour and that she had just been out walking. They asked her if she saw anybody while she was out and she said she saw Dave Gordon in front of the Rialto. They were sure they had her then because the Rialto is just across the street from the bank. Anyhow, the mayor called Gordon and had him come over.

"Did this woman look as if she might just have murdered somebody when you saw her?" Ty asked Dave.

"Why, no," Dave said.

"Did she have this bag when you saw her?" Ty wanted to know.

"No," Dave said.

"See," said Ty. "She'd already shot him."

Just then Minnie came downstairs. She was in her nightgown and had her hair up in curl papers. Dave Gordon was watching her and he saw Mrs. Jim Karew kind of start when Minnie came in and look at her watch, and then her face went white. She said very low:

"Minnie, someone has killed John Strong."

And Minnie said: "Well—what's that got to do with you? You hadn't any reason to kill him."

"Oh, no," says Ty. "She knew well enough John Strong was going to run her out of town, and you told her yourself that he had a stack of money in the safe, so she kills him and carries off the dough."

Dave Gordon was watching Mrs. Karew and she looked bad; seemed she couldn't take her eyes off Minnie. She went along peaceful, though, with the sheriff and the mayor.

A Dangerous Woman

Continued from page 21

Dave said: "That girl didn't kill John Strong. She had plenty of money. The town's gone goofy with prejudice against her. We better get in touch with her friends."

Minnie said: "I just called Patrick O'Day. He's coming out by airplane from Chicago. Maybe you'd be good enough to drive to the Debarrow airport and get him."

"Sure," Dave said. Then he looked at Minnie kind of funny. "How did you know Mrs. Karew was going to be arrested?"

Minnie said: "I heard Ty talking to her and thought I'd better get help before I come down. He might have took me to jail too."

"Sure," Dave said. "He might have."

That's why Minnie and Dave Gordon weren't a bit surprised when a great big, red-headed, two-fisted Irish detective went walking into the Hay City jail, about five o'clock the next morning.

Ty yelled at him to get out. And he just gave Ty one awful look and shoved right past him. He picked Mrs. Jim Karew up off the floor. She was white as a sheet and crying hysterical-like.

They'd been asking her questions all night, trying to make her confess. Her arms were black and blue to the shoulder, and her dress was all torn. They'd been searching her too, because after ransacking the Broc place they couldn't find the money.

The big detective held her like she was a baby, kind of patted her head and kept saying, "There, there." Ty was blustering around, but the mayor was nervous. He said:

"I think we better let Mrs. Karew sleep now. We'll have a lawyer for her when she wakes up."

"You're darned right you will!" the detective said forcefully.

They decided to take Mrs. Karew over to the hotel because there wasn't a fit place for a woman in Hay City jail, and Dave Gordon said Minnie should stay with her, because Patrick O'Day said so. They went into the lobby, a funny procession. There wasn't anybody at the desk but Minnie went behind and got off the rack the key to Mrs. Karew's old room, and up they went. While they was arranging everything Dave Gordon came in and took the detective aside.

"Listen," he said. "Nobody broke into the bank, and nobody broke out, either. Whoever was inside, John Strong must have let in himself, and he never would have let Mrs. Jim Karew in, that's a cinch!"

"What's on your chest?" Pat asked.

"Well, if somebody John Strong knew rapped on the door, he'd let them in. If after they was inside they pulled a gun, he might sort of stall along, open the safe, hoping to gain a little time. I mean if he knew the person was a little nutty."

"And you think the nut was too quick for him and killed him?" Pat asked.

"Might be," Dave said.

Then Ty and the mayor came downstairs together.

"I want to talk to the night watchman at that bank," Pat said.

"Well, you can't," Ty said.

"You see," the mayor explained, "the night watchman had been with the bank about twenty-five years, and this is the first robbery. It was too much for him. He hung himself."

"Oh, yeah?" Pat said. Then he asked where John Strong's body was, and they told him at the undertaker's, and he said he believed he'd go over and take a look at it.

WHEN he came back about an hour later, Ty was asleep in one of the big chairs by the window. Pat walked over and shook him. Ty kind of sat up.

"How do you think John Strong got his right hand broken?" the detective asked.

"I don't know," Ty said. He was awful sleepy.

"Well, I've got a darn' good idea," Pat said, and he went up to the tobacco counter and helped himself to a cigar.

He was in the café, eating his breakfast, when Maggie came to tell him that Mrs. Jim Karew wanted him right away and that it was terribly important. He went upstairs and the guard let him in. Pretty soon Minnie came out into the hall. She said that those two wanted to be alone, which was mighty funny.

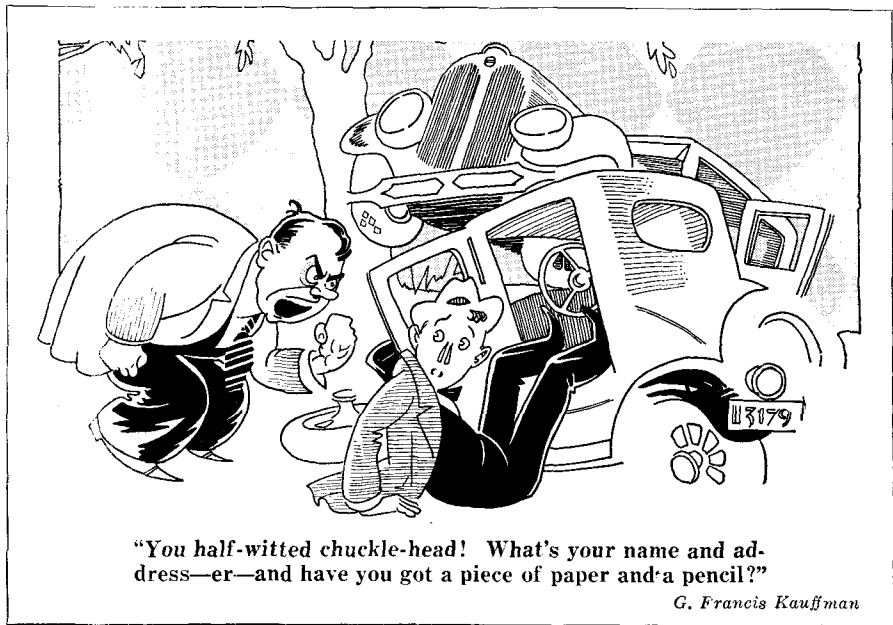
Mrs. Jim Karew was shivering. She caught Pat's hand.

"Pat, for God's sake, it's here, wrapped in my scarf. My God, Pat, now they'll hang me!"

"What's here?" Pat was watching her closely. She was blue with terror.

"The money, ten thousand dollars, wrapped in my scarf, in the bottom drawer of that bureau. I opened it because it had been pushed in crooked, and I was so nervous everything had to be just so."

Pat went over and found the money, just like she said. He whistled in a low meditative way. Then he did a funny thing. He put the money in his pocket and told Mrs. Karew to go back to bed, and that he'd fix everything. He came



"You half-witted chuckle-head! What's your name and address—er—and have you got a piece of paper and a pencil?"

G. Francis Kauffman

walking out into the hall as if nothing had happened.

But Minnie grabbed him and pulled him down the corridor into the broom closet.

"Oh, Mr. O'Day," she whispered, "I've been prayin' you'd come up here. I don't care if she did kill John Strong, only don't let them catch her. She didn't mean any harm; he wouldn't let her be. She's got the money. I don't know why she took it! I saw it in the drawer. She's been good to me. Save her, won't you?"

Everybody in town knew Mrs. Jim Karew had done it. There was talk of lynching and so they moved her back to the jail. The people kept swarming into the hotel lobby all day, and wanting to hear all about it. The proprietor was blue in the face trying to keep them calmed down. He'd given Skeeter the day off, seeing his old man had hung himself. Long about ten o'clock, things quieted down.

JUST before midnight Pat O'Day and the sheriff walked into the hotel, and upstairs to Mrs. Karew's old room. They left the mayor in the lobby and Dave Gordon parked out front in his car.

Pat locked the room door, took out the money and put it in the bottom drawer and shoved the drawer in crooked. Then he went into the closet and Ty went into the bathroom. They hadn't turned on a light. They must have been there about half an hour when Dave Gordon tooted his horn and started his car and went driving off. They stood still and waited. They went on waiting.

And then he heard somebody unlocking the door very quietly. But nobody snapped on the light. There was a long silence, then somebody came walking across the floor, not making any more noise than a cat. There was a funny squeak as one of the bureau drawers was pulled out, and a pause, and then the drawer was pushed back in again. Ty was already to spring, but he knew he'd better wait for a signal, so he waited and the footsteps went toward the door again.

Then he heard Patrick O'Day shout: "Throw up your hands or I'll blow you to hell!" And he flashed his searchlight right into Bill Skeeter's face, and Bill was too scared to move. He just stood there. Ty came leaping out and grabbed him and would have socked him a couple but Pat said:

"Go easy, you'll spoil the most incriminating evidence you've got. You don't want him to say it was you that gave him that shiner, when John Strong busted his hand doing it."

And Ty looked at Bill Skeeter and in spite of himself he grinned, because Bill's face was a sight to see. Then Pat reached into Skeeter's coat and pulled out the money. The mayor had heard the commotion and came up from the lobby and looked very important and congratulated Ty on a snappy capture. Just then Pat put in and said the credit could be divided evenly between Ty and Dave Gordon 'cause it was Dave who pointed out that nobody got into the bank but a friend of John Strong's or, as it turned out, a friend of the night watchman.

But there wasn't a trial and everybody was awful disappointed. Bill Skeeter confessed. He told how he had hid Mrs. Jim Karew's bag while she was at the Broc place for dinner, only meaning to see if he couldn't get some cash for the diamond clasp. But he kept remembering that gun, and he kept thinking how easy it would be to rob the bank. He knew there was a time-lock on the safe and that if anybody was going to get the money out of that bank they'd have to pull a real big-time robbery.

The day the big money shipment arrived, John Strong had dinner at the hotel and he phoned his wife he'd be working at the bank until around ten o'clock. Skeeter heard him. He knew that meant the safe would be open. He said he didn't plan it out at all. He just took Mrs. Karew's bag and went over and rapped on the side door and his dad let him in. His dad was nervous as a cat. They just started to talk when the old man thought he heard a noise down in the cellar and popped down to investigate.

Bill went walking into the big room where the safe was. John Strong was there and the safe was open.

"What do you want, Bill?" Strong asked. "You haven't any business here."

Skeeter said he come over to talk to his dad. They wanted to get the mortgage fixed up. He said they worked such funny hours they didn't have no chance to talk business. He asked John Strong to advise him what was best to do. John Strong told him to come and see him in business hours, and he started to slam the safe door shut. Skeeter said he'd seen where some of the money was stacked at the very back. When he thought of that door going shut his brain went off like a box of fireworks. He grabbed Mrs. Karew's little gun and poked it right into John Strong's face.

But John Strong wasn't scared. He hauled off and hit Skeeter and sent him sprawling. Skeeter fired as he fell.

His dad heard the shots and came running in. When he saw what Skeeter had done, he just stood like he was paralyzed and Skeeter grabbed as much money as he could see and wrapped it in a scarf he took out of Mrs. Karew's bag, and made his dad let him out of the back way.

All he said was: "Give me time, Dad. Give me time and it'll be all right."

He said out in the cold night air his brain started to click. "I wasn't scared," he said. "I wanted to get rid of the money quick, and I thought the best place would be up in Mrs. Karew's old room at the hotel. It's the most expensive room and nobody ever rents it." So he walked over to the hotel, stood around talking to the boy that was scrubbing up and when he left to fetch a clean pail of water Skeeter snuck upstairs and left the money. Then he went home. He said he saw his face in the mirror and knew he'd have to have an alibi, so he pretended to fall downstairs.

HE THOUGHT he'd got away with it. He thought they'd pin it on Mrs. Jim Karew sure. He knew his dad hadn't told anybody before he killed himself. He would have been all right if the Chicago detective hadn't come down to question him. Then he was scared. He'd read about Chicago cops. He thought the best thing to do was to get the money and leave town fast.

Minnie and Mrs. Jim Karew took the detective to the station. He shook hands with Minnie and then he held Mrs. Karew's hand a long time.

"So you and Miss Broc are going to Paris, are you?" he asked, as if it made him feel lonely.

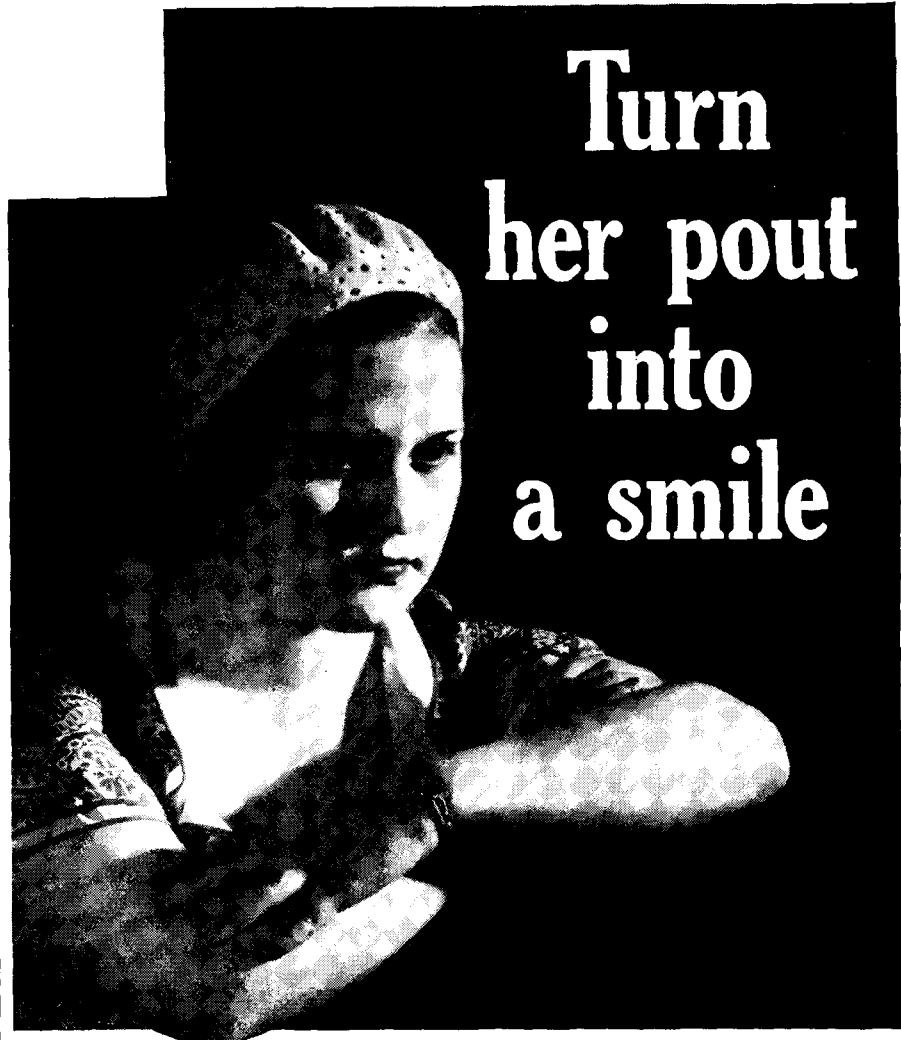
"Yes, Pat," she said. She looked happy.

"Maybe if I can get leave you'd show me around?" he asked and his face got red.

"Why, yes, Pat," and she laughed.

And then Minnie blurted right out and said: "Seems to me Paris would be a lovely city to get married in," and everybody on the platform laughed.

And the baggageman and Joe Spear said they never saw a happier man get on a train than Detective Patrick O'Day. And everybody said, well, he ought to be happy, marrying a lovely girl like Mrs. Jim Karew.



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A WHOLESOME RELISH

cooled air in a tropical home, even if supplied only at night to permit restful, untroubled and wholesome sleep, there is no difference between the energy of the Southerner and that of the Northerner.

What will happen to the South—our own South—to Mexico and the great Central American countries and the tropical countries of South America when the climate of those countries is dealt with intelligently and effectively as our rigorous and enervating cold climate has been dealt with in the North? What will be the effect on the trade of America when there is a cooling and air-conditioning device in every Southern home as there is a heating unit in every Northern home?

The Age of Cellulose

What the United States is looking for now is buyers—a new purchasing power. Here is a potential purchasing power which will be developed beyond the richest dreams of the trader, through this new process of controlling the weather within the home.

This new thing does not mean merely cooling the air in a room or dwelling. That is just one function. It will draw the air into its "innards," freeze the moisture out of it and return it to the room, cool and dry. In the industrial field some 200 industries are equipped with modern air-conditioning. In addition it has been installed in some 400 large buildings. About 300 theaters and about 100 large stores now use it. All of these use central conditioning stations installed in the basements and controlling the air of the entire building.

Now, however, unit conditioners are being marketed for homes and of these, I am informed, over 25,000 have been installed. These are small devices encased in cabinets and placed in the living-room or hall of the home. It is probable that in time homes will have central stations in their cellars. And at least one research director predicted that ultimately we will buy our air from central plants located in our towns like the gas works—the air we use in our homes being pumped to us through pipes as steam is in certain large cities.

But all this is only the beginning. For as this new science of controlled weather is developed and perfected and recognized as an indispensable social utility, our present houses will be found utterly inadequate. Homes of a wholly different type will come into use—homes without windows, for instance, so that air will be kept out as much as possible, save such as is first washed and dehumidified and heated or cooled according to the proper formula.

People make the mistake of looking for sensational inventions to open up new fields of employment. What could be more sensational than the airplane? Yet it employs only 10,000 persons. A score of minor industries could be named which account for more employment. Oil-heating now provides three times that many jobs, and electrical refrigeration, in its infancy, accounts for four times as many. The manufacture of rayon offers employment to five times as many.

From our present lookout, research men anticipate the greatest changes, not from any specific device like the automobile or the radio or the airplane, but from the revolutionary change which is taking place in the materials which men can now use for their many purposes.

Hatching the Future

Continued from page 11

Someone has said that civilization began when man actually began to take natural materials, like wool and cotton, and weave them into forms to suit himself. Building on this idea, one of the research men I talked with said that we were now entering a new phase of civilization, because man was beginning to produce his materials, not by merely changing the shapes of natural substances but by changing the fundamental nature of them. He did not merely weave wool or mold resins or chisel marble or cut up lumber—he split chemicals into their component atoms and recombined them to suit his own purpose, producing wholly new materials.

"The manufacturer now, whether of a new or an old article," said Dr. Esselen, "has merely to go to the chemist and describe to him the ideal material he requires and the chemist will produce it for him."

We do not have to get along as well as we can with wood or stone or some mixture. The chemist will produce for us something like bakelite or rayon.

"If we wish to give this era its true and characteristic name," continued Dr. Esselen, "we should call it the Age of Cellulose. This is the fibrous, amorphous base of most of our vegetable products. It comprises at least fifty per cent of the vegetable kingdom. It is a raw material which may be produced in unlimited amounts and on an annual crop basis. Paper is one of the most common forms of cellulose, and of course we make plenty of paper. Rayon is another relatively pure form. But all these things hardly scratch the surface of the possibilities of cellulose.

"For instance, one of the great rayon companies produced too much rayon. And so, by using the same materials and the same chemical process but a different mechanical method, it produced those beautiful, shiny, transparent sheets which have affected so markedly so many other kinds of business.

"For centuries butchers put sausage meat into intestinal casings. One manu-

facturer concluded this was not an ideal casing. He took his problem to a chemist and now we see manufacturers putting cotton shirts on hot dogs. Synthetic sausage casings made from cellulose are now becoming general in use."

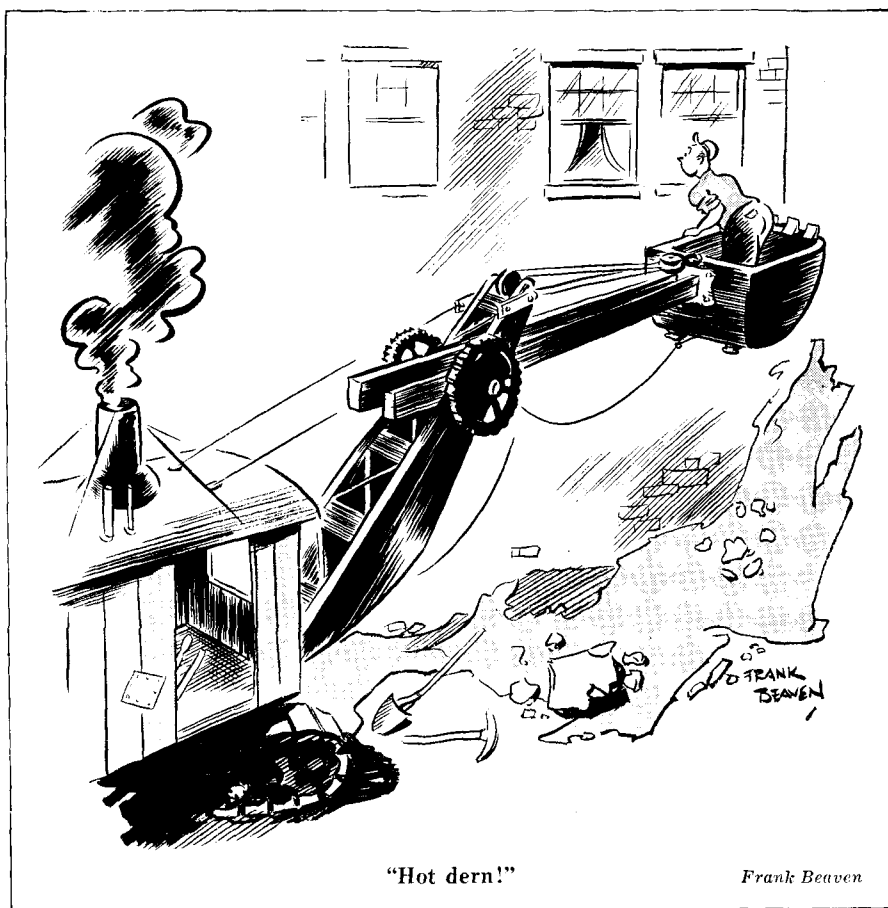
Houses F. O. B.

Dr. Esselen talks of the Age of Cellulose. Dr. E. R. Weidlein, director of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research in Pittsburgh, talks of the coming Plastic Age.

"Chemists are working on countless problems," Dr. Weidlein told me. "Very often the new material which the chemist produces may not be important in itself as an industrial product—may not employ many people. But it may have a tremendous effect upon some other industry into which it enters. Take for instance the field of plastics and particularly the manufacture of products from resins. Natural resins are sticky substances derived from trees. But chemists will supply all the resins needed, by synthetic processes. Bakelite is one of the new resinous substances. It is a large industry in itself but it has had an important effect in expanding the production of still larger industries like the radio, the electrical and automobile industries.

"Scientific inquiry is finding new uses for plastics, especially in the production of lacquers having unusual characteristics and novel kinds of plastics to satisfy special requirements. As time goes on, such plastics will be utilized more and more in interior decoration and the manufacture of tableware and containers. Resins will be made from corncobs and cottonseed hulls and these will be used to make structural materials for building homes and in machinery. More and more cellulose materials, fibrous trade wastes and wood itself will be employed in the mass production of houses."

This matter of the mass production of homes is one which almost every research scientist I spoke with had on his



"Hot dern!"

Frank Beaven

mind. In Washington recently I inquired at the Patent Office and found that already seventeen basic patents covering the manufacture of homes in factories have been granted. And in New York City a large group of such houses has actually been built. But as yet the proper material has not been perfectly developed. With the new science of building materials, it is inevitable that in the very near future houses will be made like automobiles and at low prices. The whole business of manufacturing the house, delivering it to its site, erecting it in a few days and financing it will be performed by a single company.

The small house being built today in New York is equipped with a bathroom which only a millionaire might have had ten years ago. Color, form, structure, material—all lend themselves to the element of style. And as the bathroom in the house of the future will be just a single unit, easily put in and taken out, we may be turning in our old 1935 bathroom after four or five years' use, getting an allowance on it, and buying one of the new 1940 models, which will be promptly delivered to our homes and pushed into place the day after we sign on the dotted line.

On this question of new materials, Dr. B. D. Saklatwalla, director of the research laboratories of the Vanadium Corporation, sees the same development in the metals as in the field of cellulose and plastics. He says:

"The engineer in the past has been continually handicapped by the inadequacy of the materials with which he has had to work. This was particularly true in the case of metals. Take our old friend, steel. Steel has always been made with carbon. But lately alloy steels have been developed which have given steel wholly different qualities. The electrical industry would not have been able to develop as it has without the silicon steels which are used for modern motors, generators and transformers. High-speed turbines would not be possible without the high chrome-steel blades which the metallurgist made possible. Building huge locomotives with great speed and power would not have been possible unless a steel capable of sustaining the high steam pressure was provided, and vanadium steel did this.

"The development of new alloys in metals of all sorts adaptable to new uses will give engineers the opportunity to find new uses and to develop to a higher degree many machines we now have."

Telephone Numbers

No one has to be told of the great changes which have been brought about in many fields by chromium steel. Here was another industry which was born in war when an English chemist found that by introducing into steel a certain amount of chromium the steel became rustless and hence better adapted to linings for guns. The public first became aware of the new rustless steel in kitchen ware, and golfers began to find they could buy rustless golf clubs, and now we see chromium steel and steels made rustless by other alloys used in furniture and buildings like the Chrysler and Empire State. Dr. Saklatwalla says the developments in these brilliant and hardened metals have just begun.

It must be remembered that it is not always an entirely new industry which comes from the laboratory. Old industries may receive new movements and new stimuli even more important than the discovery of wholly new devices.

We think of the airplane and the radio as new marvels. Yet the development of an old marvel like the telephone has had a more important effect on employment than either the airplane or the

radio in the last ten years. And this development has come out of the extensive laboratories of the Bell System, which is constantly making improvements in the telephone. For instance, in 1910 the telephone system had 5,883,056 telephones in use. By 1920 the number had doubled. In the last ten years the number has doubled again. Since 1920 the amount of wiring has trebled and so has the number of daily conversations.

Take another old industry—the railroads. At present they are moving through troubled days. This may be the beginning of a new era of railroad development. The railroads have lagged behind in the development of the one commodity the American public wants and to which it has been accustomed by the automobile and the airplane—speed. Two weeks ago I took the Congressional Limited from Washington to New York. That train has always consumed five hours in the journey. To my amazement I found myself in New York in four hours. On inquiry I learned that next year the Pennsylvania plans to run that train in three hours—almost as fast as by plane.

In the Westinghouse laboratories many studies have been made in the subject of streamlined locomotives and coaches. By changing the form of locomotives and coaches to cut down air resistance it is possible with the same power to attain a speed of 100 or 150 miles an hour with a train. Before us lies the new age of speed on the railroads.

Then there is what is now almost an old thing—our old friend, the electric light bulb. In the General Electric laboratory in Schenectady there is a door with a small metal plate on it. Tap upon that plate a little code signal and the door, without the aid of a human hand, opens. But you must tap out the right signal. This is the work of the photo-electric cell, with which most people are now familiar. But this is really only a development of the incandescent tube, and more recently of the radio tube.

Future Possibilities

About two years ago I was in Schenectady listening to Dr. Whitney talk about what the photo-electric tube might do and also what might be accomplished by the use of electric tubes in the field, not merely of light and heat, but of power. That was only a very short time ago. And already I have seen a list of 200 uses to which the photo-electric cell has been put in industry, while tubes are being employed more and more for power purposes. What amazing adventures of scientific industry lie ahead through these devices no one can tell. Dr. L. W. Chubb, research director of the Westinghouse laboratories, summed up for me the possibilities of the future from the point of view of a research hunter in the field of electricity:

"Better and cheaper homes and buildings, due largely to new materials of construction and the use of electric welding. More comfortable living conditions in the home and in the office, due to air-conditioning, ultra-violet lamps and electric heating. More interesting and improved radio programs. More rapid and comfortable traveling conditions by widespread use of airplanes and high-speed, air-conditioned, streamlined trains, and by turbo-electric-driven ships. Cheaper electric power as a result of wider use of electrical energy and decreased cost and greater efficiency of electrical apparatus. Elimination of routine work by the use of mechanical devices controlled by tube relays and light-sensitive arrangements. Improved health by the use of high-frequency currents and X-ray for the cure of certain types of diseases."



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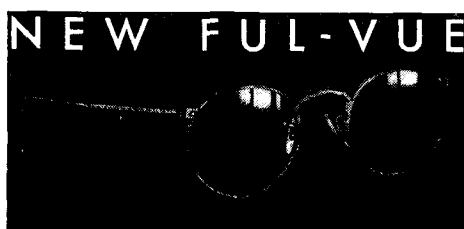
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The Bravo

Continued from page 9

basses. In a minute there must be over a hundred people come around; but most went off after they commenced to sing, because it was something nobody would stand but a little while, and I would go away myself except Mamie kept setting there, too embarrassed.

So afterwards Mr. Anderson hollered, "Finish! Finish!" and put his hands over the three others' mouth to stop them and come up to Mamie and me and put his hat out in front of me like he was passing it for coins on account of the entertainment. "You give some poor feller little money for sing, so he buy some food for baby?" he says.

I had been suspicioning all along they was trying to make a boor out of me in front of Miss Mamie Cook, and I would liked to kicked it right out of his hand; but Mamie says, "What baby?" she says. "Where's any baby?" she says.

He turned around and pointed at Shock Ornerly and Maninny and this Bravo, and acted like he felt like crying. "They all got," he says. "All but me. I am poor man without no baby at all."

She got up and says, "Go on!" and he looked like he was going to stand right there talking to us; but I was holding onto her arm and walked away, so she come with me and says it was the most disgusting thing she ever had happen right before everybody, though he didn't look like that kind of a man yet certainly was terrible fresh, she says.

So we went over and got on the merry-go-round and thought we was free of them but hadn't just barely started our second ride when here they come and did the same thing all over, with the both kinds of noise going at the same time, the music from the merry-go-round and their music, and the two didn't congeal. They kept it up till we come away, and this Swedish man kept following us and passing his hat at me and looking like his feelings was hurt when I wouldn't give him any and saying he felt bad because he didn't never have a baby.

We couldn't go anywheres on that whole beach but here pretty soon they would come too, and about the middle the afternoon they commenced dancing in front of us, besides singing and the accordion, and got such a big crowd around, and this Bravo set up on Mr. Anderson's shoulders playing the accordion while Mr. Anderson was dancing with his arms around Shock and Maninny at the same time; it got so disgraceful I says we better go home because there was no signs of a let-up and he would always keep passing his hat at me, even with this Bravo setting up on top of him and playing, and by this time there must be a thousand people looking when he did it, and all this notice would upset Miss Mamie Cook so bad I thought it was likely going to give her a headache.

SHE says yes, it was the worst she ever see; and so afterwards I grabbed her by the arm and got her to run for a street car that had already started, and pushed her on and we got away. She says she certainly hoped her papa wouldn't get started running with them hoodlums, and I says yes, it would be harmful; so she says she would give him a talking-to.

Of course next morning them four all come around me laughing and joking and pushing me and jibber-jabber asking me why I acted so stiff at the beach, and all intended just for the sake of a smile, and praising Miss Mamie Cook's looks and frame and so on, and how her papa was going to give them an invite

up there for a party, and live and let live and so on; but I didn't fall in with their spirits.

So, well, the Horace N. Foster being at the dock that afternoon on account her shaft was bent, I thought I would go get her that cat of hers, and right away commenced having all the trouble in the world for such a small matter. I went all over Newbridge and wherever I see a cat I asked for it, and it looked like they was the most precious animals in the world and insulting to think they wasn't. One place I could had some kittens; but she says a cat, so I wouldn't take them and kept looking, and after a couple hours went back to the dock and got me a nice bag of coffee-sacking and found a cat up an alley and got him in this sack but not that the task was easy; and he give me a lot of worry to carry that sack with him in it, so much so I couldn't hardly believe he was just only a cat in there.

Well, he kind of looked to be gray; but I suspicioned he ought to be washed and would come out white. So I took him in a shed on the dock and washed him with the door locked, and I was right he was white; but washing him was as much trouble I ever had with any animal, and before he was through and dry he had climbed up and down me like I was a tree, and made me look up to the elbow like a chart, and once I see this Bravo looking at me through the window and smiling.

SO I had brought a blue ribbon and I got it on him with lots more trouble and put him in a wooden box and nailed it up and bored some little holes for him to breathe through, and get him quieted down in there, and I felt like it had been a big day and was tired but went and had supper and dressed up to go up there and carry along this box with this cat of hers I had got for her in there.

He was making a noise in there; but at first I thought it was just because I had disturbed him by picking the box up and he would let up when the joggling stopped. But after I got on a street car with the box setting on my lap he took and broke out worse, and a couple women setting next to me got up

and changed their seat, and a man across the aisle says didn't I know it wasn't the Fourth of July yet, and, when I told him it wasn't anything but just a cat, he winked up and down the aisle and asked me was I a trapper. I says it wasn't no wildcat only domestic; but him and four or five more laughed and I got red and was glad to get off that street car at the corner below Miss Mamie Cook's and her papa.

SHE was setting waiting for me and says she was awful glad I brought it and how nice I was; but there was a rattly wagon going by and she didn't hear the noise in there till we took the box in the setting-room and set him on the floor. I ain't never hear any such spitting from any cat in my life; he would spit and then he would meeyow, except not like a cat meeyowing when he feels in trouble or wants something, because this kind of meeyow was like when a cat is going to attack everybody. Then it would spit again and take on without letting up.

She says was I sure he was going to be a nice cat while I was opening the box, because he was making such a fuss it got her nervous; and I says he let me put the ribbon on him and get him nice and clean, and soon as he got used to us and see he was getting a nice home he would be all right and everybody get to liking him. Then the top of the box come off and Miss Mamie Cook says, "Oh, gracious!" and acted like she wanted to run out the room, because he give a big jump and landed on the sofa and didn't look like a cat, though he was making all them cat sounds.

My brains took in right away a traitor had entered in my plans and opened the box while I was washing up and took this cat out and changed his looks and then got him back in there again. He wasn't in no active pain on account of it; but a cat likes to look as neat as he can manage and what was the matter with him he was mad. Somebody had applied soft pitch on the hair of his tail and up his back and other places, and stuck oakum in it, and just the sight of him if you didn't look close would scared most people. So the gift



"Beg pardon, sir, your turn to push"

Gilbert Bundy

was spoiled so far as its looks went, and I felt as mad as he did.

Miss Mamie Cook commenced to kind of holler. "Take it out!" she says. "Catch it and get it out of here!" she says.

So I offered to. I put my hand out to him and commenced saying "Kitty, kitty, kitty!" But he made a couple passes at me and got under the sofa in a corner, and I was laying down trying to coax him out when human beings' voices in the yard all around the house commenced hollering "Meeyow!" and "Puss, puss, come puss!" and Mamie says one of 'em was her papa's and this must be the party he says that afternoon he was going to have up there.

SO HERE they come again, and they had the accordion and Mr. Cook, and he says this is his little girl and he would like her to shake hands with Mr. Anderson and Mr. Maninny and Mr. Ornerly and Mr. Salivo, this Bravo; and right away jibber-jabber, jibber-jabber and Mamie saying they was certainly the worst rowdies she ever see and she would get them some cake.

So they commenced asking what did I have hiding under the sofa, and she says yes, I must know them all the time and been fooling her, and they says they was the best friends I had in the world and couldn't they help me with whatever it was I was keeping under the sofa.

I says never mind, I guess they already helped me enough in that matter, and I says never mind, I see Fanandee Salivo looking at me through that window when I was washing him; and Fanandee Salivo he stopped down to where I was laying on the floor reaching under the sofa and whispered to me not to tell if he would tell me something, and I says all right, and he whispered it was Mr. Anderson done all this to this cat; but right then, all of a sudden, he come out from under the sofa, jumping, and went across me like twenty needles and through the door to the kitchen, and we hear something made of tin falling over, and Mamie says, "Murder!" she says, "Oh, murder!" she says. "He's gone down cellar!" she says.

"Yes," Mr. Cook, her papa, says. "I keep my milk down there, too," he says. "Get it out o' there!" he says to me. "I ain't a-going to have it down there," he says, "among my milk," he says. "You go after it," he says.

"Yes, do, for heaven's sakes!" Mamie says. "It ain't no place for it," she says.

So right away them four says jibber-jabber I ought to do what the lady and her papa asked me and why in the world did I ever bring this animal there in the first place, or maybe did it chase me in Mr. Cook's house, and did I know what kind of animal was it anyways, because they never see one like it, except the Bravo, he says there was some in the islands but couldn't be tamed and brought bad luck, and that was the worst he could said because Miss Mamie Cook and Mr. Cook was both superstitious and looked at me and says, "Well, for heaven's sakes!"

So I had to go down there after him. She give me a candle and shut the door from the kitchen to the cellar stairs after me because she says she wouldn't have him coming up and tearing around the house, and for me to take it out in the back yard when I caught it and have him go somewheres else. Then she went back, and, while I was looking around the cellar for him, I hear the accordion, and it seemed like dancing commencing over my head, and a kind of ight tap-tapping and heavier shoes together; so it seemed to me like Miss Mamie Cook was commencing to dance with them one after another.

There was a good many things in the cellar, and first I couldn't see him; but

he was making a noise somewheres, a good deal like the wind around an old building. Then it stopped and I hear a little sound like a drizzle falling in the scuppers and went over to a sink, and sure enough Mr. Cook, her papa, was right, because there was a crock of milk under the sink and he was setting there with his face inside the crock and lapping it up. I set down on a box and let him have all he wanted, because my brains was commencing to work on the question, and he would feel nicer after he eat all the milk he wanted and I could do more with him.

He took about half of it before he commenced to quit. Then he took a little again three or four times to see if he could stand any more; but after-while he see he couldn't and give up and set there, every now and then trying some to wash his face, and you could tell he felt nicer and looked around at me sometimes like I had almost commenced to win his friendship.

So I says "Kitty, kitty!" and got him in my lap without much trouble and commenced working this oakum and pitch off him.

But upstairs, from the way the accordion went on and this tap-tapping and clumping and sounds like all laughing and joking, it looked like there wasn't such a person in the world as me and I'd been forgot. Most the time the tap-tapping went on with a clumpety-clumping going all over the ceiling with it, like oxen and a canary bird; so I see she must be dancing most the time with Mr. Anderson, this Swedish diver; and them black cobwebs would shake so hard in the candlelight, and dust fall down, I thought this party they was having would mighty near come through into the cellar.

Well, what with him being full of milk and commencing to trust me, he see I was working to his assistance, and, except for sometimes swinging his tail and spitting a little if I got to hurrying the work on him, he behaved good and tried to help by licking himself but didn't like the taste and would shake his head like he see he better leave it to me. I got it most all off of him and even washed places at the sink and dried him on some of a bed quilt I found. You couldn't say he purred; but anyways he was all over his grudge against me and more like he was just restless. So now was the time when I could go up there and speak out and show I had been right and them wrong and stop all this dancing with this Swedish man. But at the top of the cellar stairs I got a disappointment, because somebody had bolted the door on the other side.

I set this cat down and knocked on the door and hollered; but nothing come except pity-pat and clumpety-clump and the accordion and everybody laughing and joking. So I kept on hollering and kicked the door as well as pounding it, and I might as well been whispering and kicking a feather bed.

WELL, after making all the disturbance I could seven or eight times I went down and set on the box again, looking at this cat and thinking how all the worries he had cost me was the reason how now I see this diver and Miss Mamie Cook in their true colors, because she must be falseness itself, for where was there any two ways about it except it was her bolted that door, wishing both me and this cat to stay down there so as not to interrupt or cost annoyance while she was dancing with this diver.

Well, it went on, them all hoop-a-lalla up there and me and him underneath, and now and then he'd try to take a little more milk and I always says, "Go on! Help yourself!" until the candle was getting low and it was as much as

(Continued on page 48)

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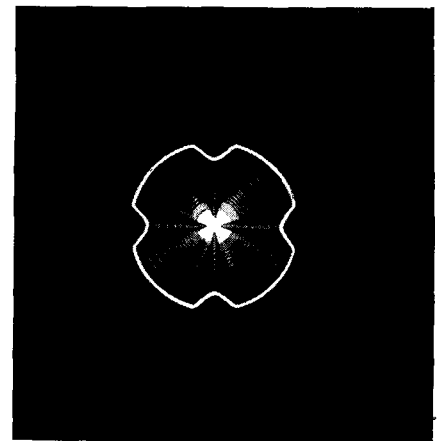
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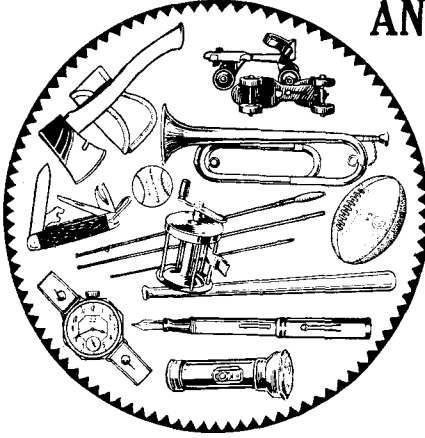
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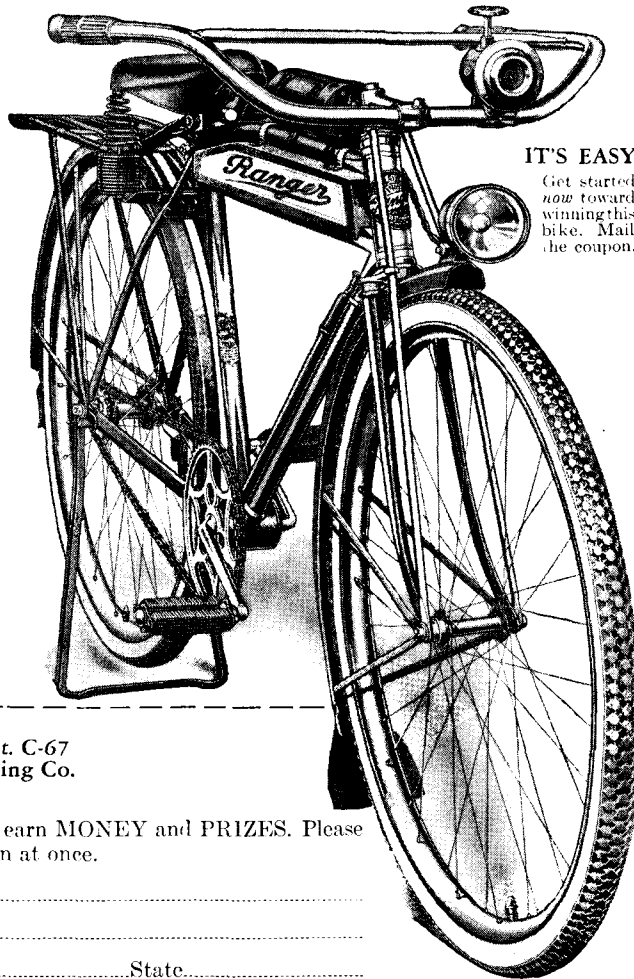
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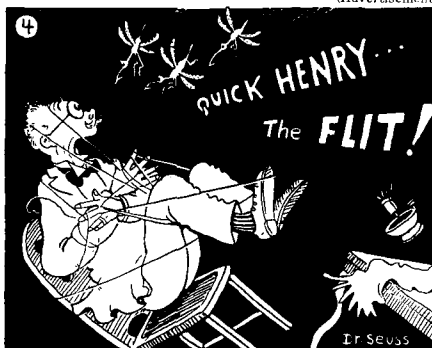
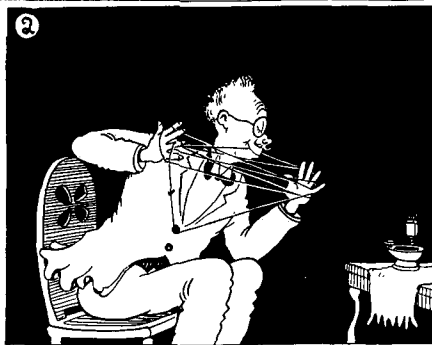
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(Continued from page 47)
twelve o'clock. Then the accordion quit and you could hear them hollering back, "See you tomorrow!" and good night some more.

I thought Miss Mamie Cook and her papa must be going to bed; but pretty soon I hear them in the kitchen, and this Mr. Cook says, "Maybe we better look see what *did* become of him," and Mamie says, "All right, look."

Then Mr. Cook he says anyways he would look in the cellar to see I hadn't left this damn' cat or whatever it was down there; and then he says somebody must bolted the door, and I hear him unfasten it.

I COME up and stood a minute, looking them over, not saying anything but showing them by the expression on my face how I thought they had been conducting themselves towards me.

"Why, goodness me!" she says, like it was nothing at all. "You been down there all this time? Somebody must bolted the door by accident," she says.

"Yes," I says. "I guess you must been dancing with them oxen by accident, too," I says. "Look at this cat," I says, because he come up then and wanted to get out. "You says you wished for a cat," I says. "I guess nobody ever give you a nicer one," I says. "No, nor ain't going to," I says. "I guess him and me both had accidents," I says, and I give her a look that showed I meant farewell and cared little or nothing. "Swedish ones," I says.

So before they could say a word I opened the kitchen door and went on out that way, and this cat after me except he passed me and all you could see was something white streaking out for home, and I never see him again or hear any more of him. He cost me annoyance; but it was more my fault because of putting him in that bag, or you might say it was really Miss Mamie Cook's because of asking me for him. But there was more in it than this, on account the root of all the trouble was this Bravo, as I come to find out later.

Because, the day after all this of the cat and the dancing party, them four was all uneasy-looking when they was around me, and I wouldn't speak to any of 'em, except Fanandee Salivo got me alone and says *he* never had a thing to do with it all and he suspicioned Mr. Anderson was the one bolted me in the cellar because of jealousy; and I says never mind, I was through and never going up there again. He says that took a load off his mind, he being such a friend of mine, because from what he hear it was a case of love at first sight and Mr. Anderson always wished to stay a bachelor and was surprised himself how easy he give up, and from what he hear they was going right ahead and get married that very afternoon, soon as Mr. Anderson come up and got his diving suit off him, because it was such love at first sight Mr. Cook himself says that was the best way to settle it, a diver's pay being so good and all.

Now here's the peculiar thing: it come out the way he says. Miss Mamie Cook and this Mr. Anderson got married that afternoon just like he says. But three days later this Bravo, Fanandee Salivo, he was missing.

He run off—just put on his other suit under the one he was wearing and says he was going to the drug store for cologne and never come back and didn't even try to collect some pay that was owing to him. It was pretty near a month before we hear anything of him at all, and then it was only somebody says they see a Bravo looked like him but going by the name of Smith and working on a barge they see in Portland harbor where they hear he was always laughing and joking.

So I says it mightn't been him and he might fell over the side, you couldn't

tell on account it was likely just another mystery of the sea; but by that time I was speaking to Maninny and Shock Ornerly again, because they come to me like a good friend and says they was satisfied and believed I hadn't used malice when I asked Maninny about them terms wop and dago, and praising Germans to Shock. So out it come, the hull secret of it.

It was all this Bravo and his love of entertainment, they says. I would know this all the time myself, they says; but on account I was in such a condition over Miss Mamie Cook I didn't notice matters the way I would when I was natural, they says. They says didn't I remember how the Bravo would have his fun at all times but was always terrible timid too? They says it was him slinked after me and found I was running with Miss Mamie Cook and persuaded them to go up there with his accordion and sing, and the same at the beach. It was him fixed the cat, too, as I could told if I'd took and noticed his hands the evening of the cat, they says, and it was him bolted the cellar door just to enjoy me being down there and them up.

Maninny says how during the party the Bravo laughed till his eyes was watery telling him how he told me it was Mr. Anderson interfered in the cat. Then right away, Maninny says, this Bravo stopped laughing and commenced talking about how worried he was for fear I would let out to Mamie he told me it was Mr. Anderson when I got out the cellar. So Fanandee thought he better tell Mamie first and whispered to her it was Mr. Anderson done it; but, so's she wouldn't mind and let out to Mr. Anderson what he says, he got her to promise not to tell he told her, because he says Mr. Anderson fixed the cat out of jealousy of me, and also he says Mr. Anderson had gone and locked me down there from jealousy.

So Shock Ornerly says yes, and what done the work was her being so excited with believing Mr. Anderson's conduct was all from jealousy about her, she made such a fuss over him, dancing and all, Mr. Anderson didn't hardly know where he was or who, and got married before he had a chance to stop and think what was going on.

Then I says yes, I see how it was; but why did this Bravo run away?

WELL, right away jibber-jabber, and this Guinny Maninny and Shock Ornerly says this was the very point of it all. This Bravo, being so bound to have his fun but so terrible timid too, he would laugh with Shock and Maninny over what was happening to Mr. Anderson, and how just his love of entertainment was the cause of it; then he would right away be nervous on account he didn't know how soon the truth might get out and Mr. Anderson recognize it was all his doings, because Mr. Anderson, liking the bachelor life and never intending to get married and awful surprised it happened, would pretty soon realize here he was all married, and Miss Mamie Cook's papa, Mr. Cook, living on him and always talking about his horse and buggy. So Fanandee Salivo, this Bravo, would laugh and cut up over it to Shock and Maninny, and then get so nervous he says he thought he better change his name and run away before Mr. Anderson come to. So he must be this Smith.

Anyways, whether he was or not, I thought I owed him a good lesson I had learned, and a good deal more besides, because on account of except for this Bravo I would already been in the fix Mr. Anderson, the diver, was in; but on the other hand here I was, free as air and laughing and joking over this matter with Shock Ornerly and this Guinny Maninny.

One of those Days

(Continued from page 17)

"Aw, the mischief!" growled Charlie; and said no more.

Night came with such an array of stars as surely no girl of seventeen, standing at an open window in a pink silk evening dress, looking up at the sky, had ever seen before. This was her night, her own, her particular night. Her world. Her sea. Her stars.

She went downstairs and into the living-room. Her mother and father were there. Mrs. Carter had on a black evening dress, with a red artificial flower pinned to her left shoulder strap. She was brown and beautiful. Her father had on his dinner clothes. He looked a bit pale; but he was handsome.

"MALE and female created He them," The words went swiftly through Shirley's mind. They came out of the air and thrust themselves into her consciousness. They had a sudden new meaning. How funny that so much of what went on in her head could not be spoken aloud. Well, but that was all right. You lived really deep down in yourself. Only a little of your life ever came to the surface. The important thing was to feel right, to feel good, way down deep inside your body; at the very center of you. . . .

"Time to go?" asked her mother. They were all going to the dance.

"No," said Shirley. "It's early. I think I'll go out and—"

She didn't finish the sentence. She couldn't. What she meant was that she thought she would go out and put her cheek against a star. But you don't say such things. You can't. They have no sense if you say them.

When she had gone, Mr. Carter looked across the room at his wife.

"Our child," he said, "is not so beautiful as her mother."

Mrs. Carter smiled. There was something in her smile that Mr. Carter did not understand; something intensely feminine, enigmatical.

"I looked exactly like Shirley before I met you," said Mrs. Carter.

Astoundingly, a great golden moon had risen from the sea. Shirley saw it—came practically face to face with it as she stepped out of the house into the garden. It was so inexpressibly grand

and thrilling that she stopped and stood still, near the trellis where the clematis bloomed, while her heart leaped to the challenge of that heavenly beauty. No more than this, thought Shirley. No more, or I shall die. I can't stand any more!

A figure appeared on the cliff. It had come along the path that skirted the rock gardens and it was, for a moment, simply a figure, indefinite but obviously masculine.

Then it had a voice and a recognizable personality. Then it had a familiar but somehow an unfamiliar face, and a white shirt front and hands that tore at hers.

"Shirley! I got to thinking about you, and— Gee, but you're beautiful!"

"Charlie!" said the girl. "I want you to go to the dance with me. Please do! I know I'm a fool to care, when you're only going with your dad. But I do care. I want you to go with me, Shirley!"

"Oh—well—I— Oh, Charlie!"

"You're so beautiful," cried the boy, gripping her hands. "So beautiful!"

"Am I?" breathed Shirley. "Am I beautiful? Do you think I'm—? Oh, Charlie! Wait a minute, Charlie!"

Mr. Carter looked up from the magazine he was reading to see his daughter standing in the doorway of the living-room.

"Dad," said Shirley, "do you mind if I go to the dance with Charlie? He's here, and he seems to want me to go with him. I mean he seems to want me to."

"Why, not at all," said Mr. Carter.

"Go ahead. You go with Charlie. Your mother and I will be along later."

"Thanks, Dad," said Shirley.

She turned and left the room. She disappeared into the outer shadows.

Mr. Carter looked at his wife.

"My God!" he said. "It's a miracle!"

"What's a miracle?" asked Shirley's mother.

Mr. Carter made a helpless movement with his hands.

"Shirley!" he said. "Something's happened to her! She's positively beautiful!"

Mrs. Carter smiled.

"I know," she said softly. "So was I beautiful—after you had told me so!"



"But, sir, you do not realize how much I love your son! I can't give him up! Not for less than fifty thousand smackers!"

Nate Collier



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Bargain Days are Here

RUSSELL SAGE, foxy old trader, used to advise young men to buy Western Union stock when it hit fifty. It has been quoted below twenty this year.

If that tough old financier were alive today he might be recommending other securities but unquestionably he would be looking for bargains. Sage wasn't a very admirable character but nobody ever questioned his shrewdness as a bargain hunter. He bought when things were cheap and sold when prices were high. So he gathered the millions with which his widow later endowed education and philanthropy.

The foundations of fortunes are being laid today by young men and women, and older ones too, who are practicing what Russell Sage preached. Securities, lands, commodities were never cheaper. Those who have money and brains to guide their spending have amazing opportunities.

The time to buy is when others want to sell. Three years ago nearly everybody was in a frenzy to buy. Lately there has been hysterical, as well as necessitous, selling.

Now is the time to invest sanely in the future. Don't, of course, speculate in things about which you know little or nothing. Don't try to match wits with gamblers. Do try to find an investment about which you have or can get sound information, and then buy conservatively. Don't look for sudden riches.

It will probably be a long time before we see another such boom as that which exploded October 29, 1929. No reasonable person wants again to go through such a period of mad gambling.

What we shall unquestionably see is sober prosperity, firmly founded on hard work and capable thinking. Prices will rise gradually to profitable levels. Wisely managed enterprises which serve important human needs and desires will earn dividends in the future as in the past.

Don't fool yourself about your country. We are beginning, not finishing. When the elder J. P. Morgan said, in effect, "Don't be a bear on the future of America," the obvious possibilities were much more modest than they are today.

Since that time the motor car has grown to maturity, airplane travel has arisen, the radio has been developed, electric refrigera-



tion has been adapted to homes, scientific inquiry has transformed the metal industries, chemists have created marvelous new cloths and lacquers from cellulose, other engineers have enormously increased the efficiency of railroads and of electrical machinery, power machinery has been adapted to the farm and in a thousand ways our resources have multiplied.

We know that we have just begun to realize the possibilities of machinery in industry and agriculture. We know absolutely certainly that come what may we shall not re-establish the dismal drudgery by which our grandparents lived.

In a word, we know that our mechanical civilization, based on science and invention, is destined to develop and mature and that what we shall have in the future will be immensely better than the best today.

We know that certain fundamental industries will long continue to serve important human needs. If we are wise we look to the future and see what are the fundamental trends. The intelligent investor places his savings in an industry which is destined to grow and in an honestly and wisely managed corporation within that industry.

Before you buy get the best available information about the security you are considering. Find out all you can about the earning history of the corporation over a long period of time. Find out about its capitalization, its resources, its position in the industry, its management and its policies.

There are many sound statistical services which have assembled the salient facts about important corporations. Examine the facts they present but don't bother about any-

body's tip. Most dangerous of all is the tip of the so-called insider. He may be sincere but he is almost certain to lack perspective.

The earnings of many excellent corporations have been minus figures these past months and so this old rule of thumb is not applicable.

You can find securities, however, which are selling at a half or even as low as a fifth of what they would be valued at in normal times. A few years hence many will look back at the bargains obtainable today and express regret that they did not buy such and such at 11 or 15 or 20.

Buy now what you can pay for in cash. If you don't like securities, buy real estate. Land and houses won't always be cheap. At this very time new crops of millionaires are being produced. Money, of course, isn't all or even the best of life, but economic independence is a great asset to any man or woman. Future independence is for sale cheaply today.

Nobody, of course, can give any guaranty that prices won't go lower than they are at this writing. Remember, though, that wise investors never try to buy at the bottom or to sell at the top. The wise policy is to buy when prices are low and to sell when they are high and to avoid extremes.

We can be very certain that the opportunities available now won't last forever or even for long. Prices during recent months have been as absurdly low as they were extravagantly high three years ago. We don't always live hysterically.

Those who keep their heads and use their courage at this time will build well for their future. Look around. Not often in history have such opportunities been available.

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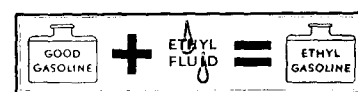


ENGINEERS in General Motors' Research Laboratories wanted to *see* how Ethyl controls the combustion of gasoline, thus preventing harmful knock, overheating and loss of power.

By fitting a quartz window into the top of a modern high compression motor they *watched* gasoline at work—took high-speed photographs of actual combustion inside an engine. Below, at the left—you see the picture of ordinary gasoline knocking. Below, at the right—Ethyl Gasoline burning smoothly, steadily, powerfully. Look at these

pictures and you will understand why more car owners buy Ethyl than any other brand of motor fuel. You will understand why nearly every car manufacturer now offers high compression engines *designed to take advantage* of the universal distribution of Ethyl Gasoline.

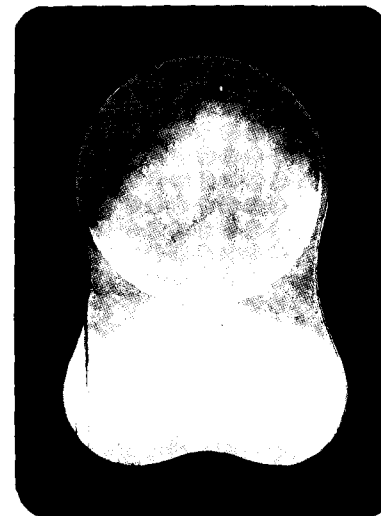
Now fill your car with the new, even higher quality Ethyl and *feel* the difference you can see in these pictures. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



Ethyl fluid contains lead © E. G. C. 1932



KNOCK — caused by the failure of ordinary gasoline. The blue flame leaps at terrific speed—explodes violently—instead of burning smoothly. The yellow behind the flame is caused by glowing particles of free carbon. Engineers call it "carbon yellow."



ETHYL GASOLINE in the same engine delivering power at just the speed the engine can take it. Useful power. Smooth power. Cool power. Power that is controlled! Notice the clean burning. Notice the complete absence of "carbon yellow."



ORDINARY GASOLINE burns *unevenly*—wastefully! Follow the pictures from left to right. First the spark. Then the gasoline starts to burn. Its flame spreads. Notice the "carbon yellow" behind

the flame. In the sixth picture—knock—all the remaining gasoline exploded at once. The last picture shows nothing but afterglow. Knock has wasted the gasoline that should be working now.

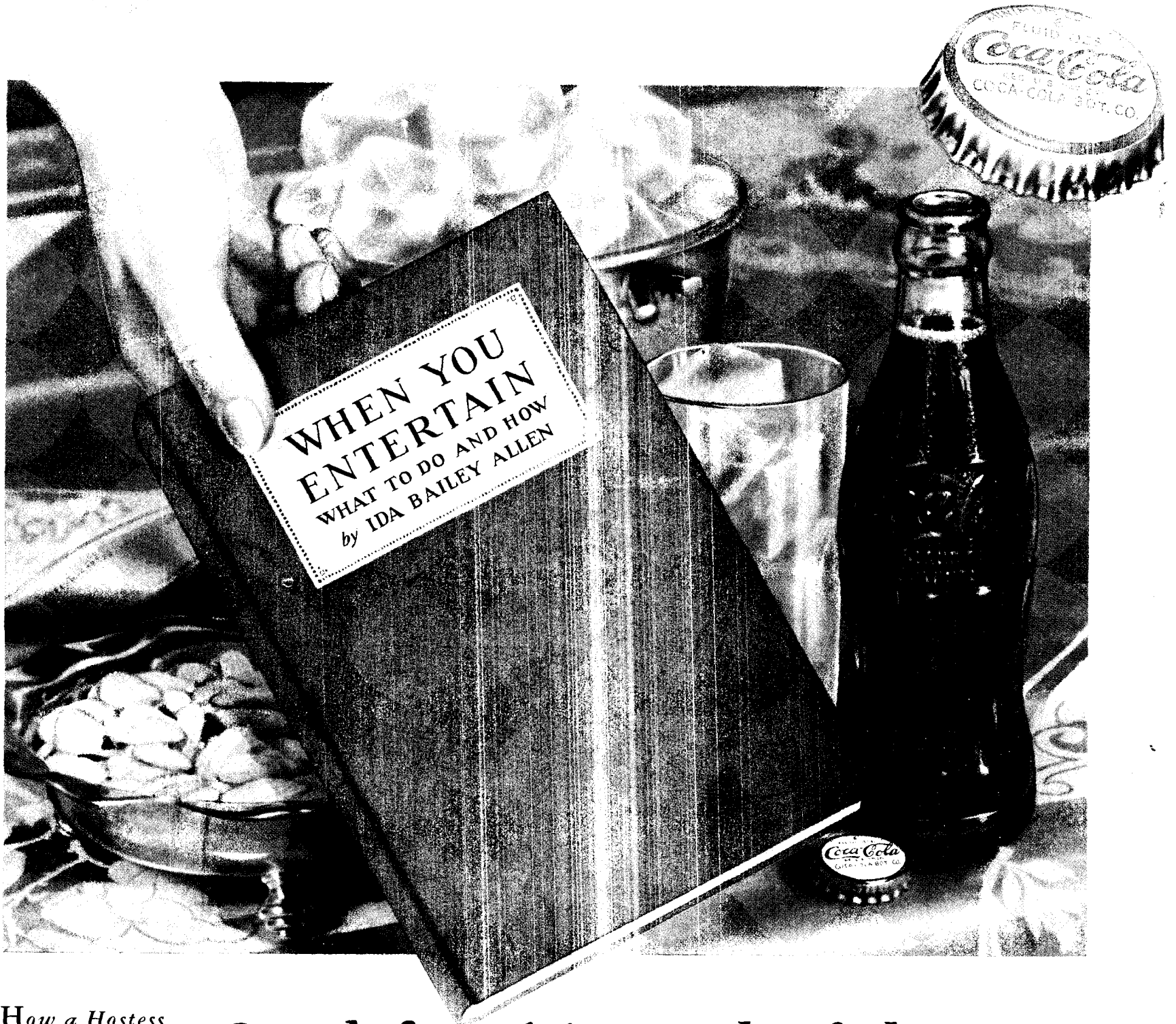


ETHYL GASOLINE burns *evenly*—completely. Notice the absence of "carbon yellow" even in the first three pictures. As combustion progresses, the difference becomes greater. Ethyl does not knock.

It is not all burned until the last picture is over. This means that its greatest power is available when the piston is going down—the time when power counts most in the performance of your car.

ETHYL GASOLINE

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